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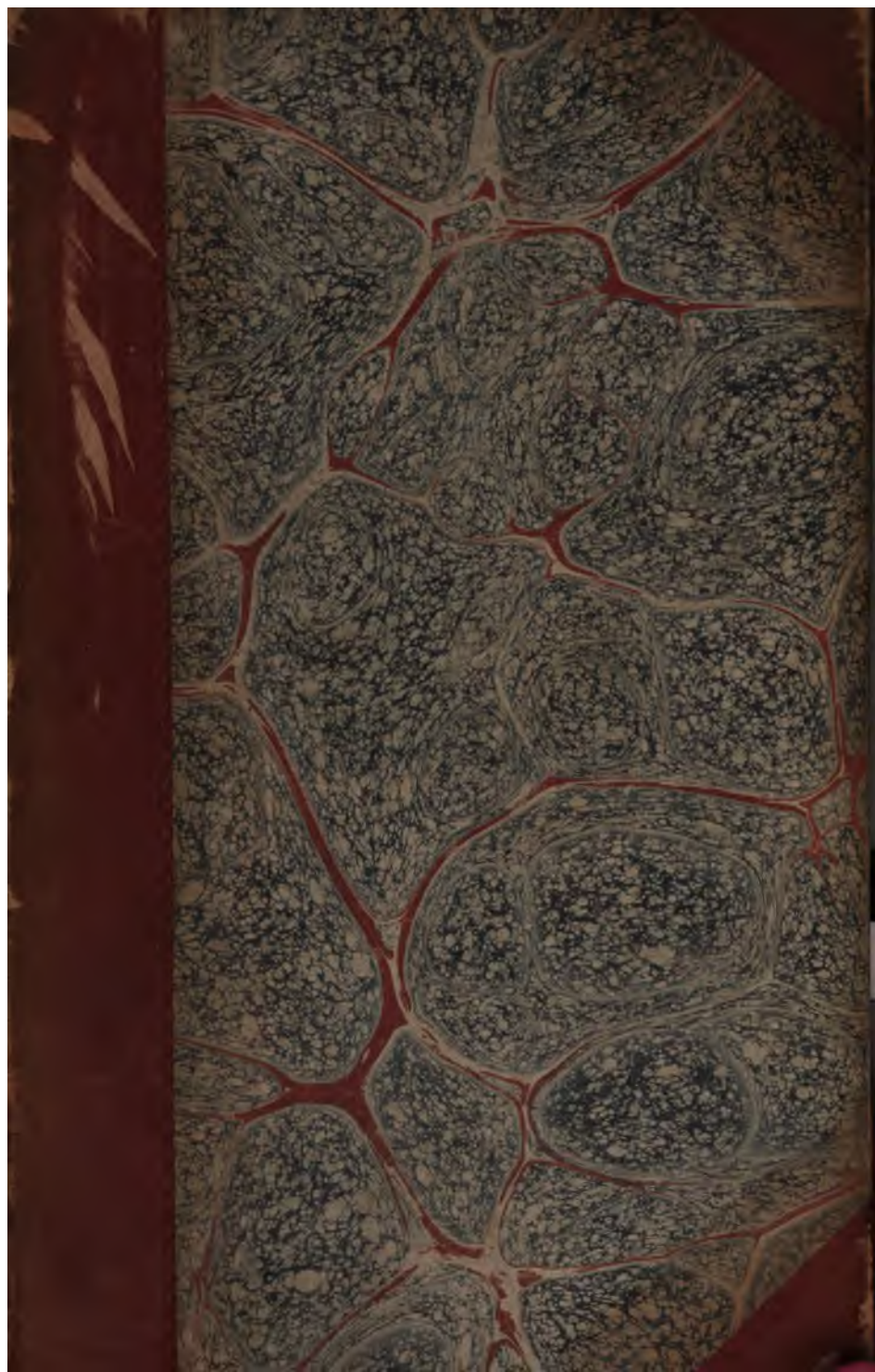
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# **THE PRIMA DONNA.**



PRINTED BY JAMES BULLOCK, WHITEFRIARS.



THE

*J. 1920*

# PRIMA DONNA.

A TALE OF TO-DAY.

"She plays to-night! and therefore pours along  
To the bright Theatre a motley throng.

And all eyes sparkle with unusual light,  
The Angel actress rules the scene to-night.  
Though laughing loves around her light lips play,  
A ravening vulture eats her heart away.  
Her sunny glance irradiates every breast  
But one—to her more near than all the rest.  
As throned on high, the peerless queen of night  
Cheers distant worlds with showers of grateful light;  
Yet while her silver treasure copious flows,  
Shares not, herself, the blessing she bestows."

KENNEDY.



LONDON:

EDWARD BULL, HOLLES STREET.

1828.

*829.*







## P R E F A C E.

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It may appear necessary to offer some apology for the discrepancy between the title, and a portion of the following pages. It was the author's original intention to produce a work, entitled the FEMALE CHARACTER, and accordingly the Introductory Sketch, and some other portion of the volume, were written in furtherance of his views; but finding as he proceeded that his intended plan would occupy more time than he could possibly devote, he was forced to relinquish his task for a while. He, however, was tempted to resume it by an event of popular occurrence; but thinking the title he had first chosen of a too dignified and general description, he has adopted one which he has reason to believe will be of greater attraction,



although not relating to the whole of the work, which professes rather to illustrate than to develop the Female Character.

It will be but candid in him also to own, that owing to circumstances, exclusively connected with himself, it has been out of his power to superintend the volume in its progress through the press, and he has therefore gladly availed himself of the kind assistance of a friend; and although it may appear shifting his own sins on the shoulders of another, he mentions the fact, to predispose as much leniency as the reader can afford towards the numerous imperfections which have crept in, or rather have not crept out of, the continuing pages.

*The Prima Donna* therefore makes her *debut* with all the disadvantages of a first appearance; but should "our kind friends *here*" allow a repetition, the author will have a better opportunity for corrections "by his next performance."







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INTRODUCTORY SKETCH  
OF  
THE CHARACTER.

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"The very first  
words must spring from woman's breast ;  
all words are taught you from her lips,  
and your quench'd by her ; and your last sigh  
is breathed out in a woman's hearing."

BYRON.



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INTRODUCTORY SKETCH  
OF  
FEMALE CHARACTER.

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“ The very first  
Of human life, must spring from woman's breast ;  
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,  
Your first tears quench'd by her ; and your last sigh  
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing.”

BYRON.








and from whom did he meet with succour and tenderness? Who poured the balm of consolation over the wounds which misfortune and disappointment had inflicted?—who laid him on her bosom when the finger of scorn was pointing at him?—who but his Mother!

As the DAUGHTER—the brightest jewel of his life's diadem. Has it ever fallen to his lot to have felt that sickliness of mind and body, when “a feather was a mountain,” and he tossed on his bed of down as if stretched on a rock? Who then spurned the incense of admiring lovers—the thrilling sounds of pleasure and gaiety—the glowing sunshine, or the splendid ball-room, for the dark solitude, and sickly atmosphere of his chamber?—Whose foot was the lightest—whose hand smoothed his pillow the smoothest—who glided round his couch like a ministering angel—whose assurance softened the nausea of the medicine, or fortified him for the dreaded operation?—Whose smile never vanished at his peevishness or caprice—whose brow never ruffled at his groundless anger





accomplishments which before adorned her, and cost her so many an aching hour to obtain—and sacrificing those charms which once received the homage of all; yet still how poorly are the hopes and fears which ceaselessly probe her heart ever estimated!

“Man that is born of a woman,” conscious of his own strength, forgets, or is ~~reluctant~~ to avow, to whom he owes his superiority. Does he not know the time when he hung like a leaf from the tree of life, quivering with every blast? From the fountain, then, of whose blood did he first draw life and food? By whom were the first weak impulses of his joints encouraged? by whom were the first dawns of his intellect discovered? to whom did he fly shivering beneath a father’s frown, for comfort? by whom were his venial transgressions chidden and forgiven? to whom dared he first expose the secret workings of his heart? and to whom—when pain and sickness laid their heavy hands across his brow—when all else regarded him with coldness and indifference—did he fly?—



and from whom did he meet with succour and tenderness? Who poured the balm of consolation over the wounds which misfortune and disappointment had inflicted?—who laid him on her bosom when the finger of scorn was pointing at him?—who but his Mother!

As the DAUGHTER—the brightest jewel of his life's diadem: Has it ever fallen to his lot to have felt that sickliness of mind and body, when “a feather was a mountain,” and he tossed on his bed of down as if stretched on a rock? Who then spurned the incense of admiring lovers—the thrilling sounds of pleasure and gaiety—the glowing sunshine, or the splendid ball-room, for the dark solitude, and sickly atmosphere of his chamber?—Whose foot was the lightest—whose hand smoothed his pillow the smoothest—who glided round his couch like a ministering angel—whose assurance softened the nausea of the medicine, or fortified him for the dreaded operation?—Whose smile never vanished at his peevishness or caprice—whose brow never ruffled at his groundless anger



—who, when he became an object of weariness and disquiet, knelt at his side for his blessing, and poured forth the yearnings of her heart to Heaven for his recovery. Is not his heart bursting to reply—"My daughter!"

If as his **SISTER**—the playmate of his infancy—the comforter of his sorrows, and the trusted confidant of his after life. Here is the only relation between the sexes, where there is an equality of age, that can bloom unchanged in Heaven; so pure and disinterested in its nature, it resembles more a union of celestial beings, than a tie of frail mortality's children. It has all the deliciousness of love—the pure, permanent gold of affection, without the alloy of passion or selfishness.

And yet Woman's brightest character is yet to be developed—the **WIFE**.—There is magic in the name! It is the talisman that wakens all the kindest and most beautiful feelings of the heart. It brings to our eyes that deceitful but regretted period, when "love and life alike were new;" when, springing into the full consciousness of exist-



ence, we first became aware of emotions as yet unfelt. The romance and enthusiasm which gilded the days of our youth, are seen again in all their visionary brightness, unobscured by the harsh realities of after years. The serious and affectionate matron is again worshipped as the blushing and timorous maid—as when she was the load-star of youth's brightest expectation.

Chilly as the climate of the world is growing—artificial and systematic as it has become—and unwilling as we are to own the fact, there are few amongst us but who have had those feelings once strongly entwined around the soul, and who have felt how dear was their possession when existing, and how acute the pang which their severing cost. Fewer still were the labyrinths unclosed in which their affections lay folded, but in whose hearts the name of woman would be found, although the rough collision with the world may have partially effaced it.

The history of woman lives but in our affections. How unjustly is she deprived of every participation in her husband's temporal concerns. Save when dis-



appointment and ruin stare him in the face, does he ever put in her that confidence and faith, which, as a sharer of his woes and disappointments, she has a right to expect? When basking in the sunshine of felicity she is merely regarded as the ornament of his life, and her worth is never estimated till tried in the crucible of misery and suffering. Not until then, when every arm has a stone against him—when every voice thunders an anathema, does he fly to the bosom which he forsook, when he might have comforted it with the beams of prosperity.

Wrapt in all the beautiful deception of youth and elevated fancy, the first visions of love are looked back upon with more fondness, and dwelt upon more tenderly, than the more unimpassioned, though not less warmer recollections of married life.

It is not, however, until affection has become a duty rather than an inclination, that the whole world of a woman's heart can be known. The girl that would die in imagination one death for a



lover, would as a wife endure the miseries of a thousand. What soul has not expanded at the magnanimity of a Grotius or a Lavalette—or what heart has not thrilled with the enduring affection of a Sheridan ?” \*

Whether we regard woman in the heroic devotion of the two former, in encountering all the horrors of imprisonment, and the danger of ignominious death, for the deliverance of their husbands; or in the brilliant and accomplished girl, who stepped from the throne of a world's admiration, to become her husband's book-keeper—who forsook the fascinations of the loveliest of arts, for the dry details of politics, or the petty factions of a play-house, and who showed in all a lively and imperishable interest:—the heart is at a loss to whom to award its admiration. And yet these are but three insulated examples of the proud aspirations of a woman's breast, when excited by a deserving object. Who is to tell of the many

\* Vide Moore's *Life of her Husband*.



noble spirits that have exhaled from the earth without being called into play? Had it not been for the reflected lights of their husbands' names, would Grotius, Lavalette, or Sheridan, ever have been familiar sounds?

Who is there to record the many acts of magnanimity and self-devotion which have proceeded from women, and are lost in oblivion? For her secluded virtues, the pen of history has no pompous march—they live, or rather wither, in the heart of man. Were the history of *every* woman's life, who has virtuously fulfilled the characters of daughter, wife, and mother, to be recounted—were every instance of her filial submission and tenderness, her unyielding firmness, and unquenchable devotion and affection, enduring and surviving to the last—even though the same be selected from the humblest and obscurest paths of life, to what nothingness would the most renowned of mankind be reduced?


Indebted as man is to the sex for the real and imperishable comforts of his existence, can it be said that woman meets in this country, where her



treatment is decidedly superior, and her worth better understood than in any other, with that pre-eminence she deserves? In making her a theme for poets and songsters man has done all; he cries her up to the skies as an angel, while she too frequently pines in neglect as a woman.

Such is woman's love, and such is its reward. The passions of man may be turbulent, but they roam through the world for excitement. Fame, honour, and wealth, alike woo *him*. But the feelings of a woman are deeper and more concentrated—"the heart," as an author, who understood her value, has observed, "is *her* world"—it yet remains to man an undiscovered country.

Nature, who, with the exception of physical strength, appears to have regarded the sexes so equally, has been overlooked in the regulations of society. What are women?—one half the creation!—then why are they shut out from the dowry of the world's riches? Let a woman be gifted with the strongest natural powers which could take within their scope—





“ Eye, tongue, pen, sword,”

what opportunity has she to exercise them? I do not wish to see law-givers, generals, or senators in petticoats, but really there should be something assigned to them beyond the cutting-out and perfecting of a head-dress, or the manufacturing of a novel. However highly-gifted she may be, what resources has she but these, or such as these—she who has the forming of our minds when they are most plastic, and most susceptible of good or evil impressions?

It seems a prevalent notion amongst our countrymen, that because women are neither exclusively treated as instruments of pleasure, nor as domestic slaves, we are entitled to a more than ordinary admiration for generosity of feeling, and intellectual refinement. We are, it is too true, innocent of any personal privation or unkindness, but we wound her in the more vital and sensible parts of her being, by enslaving the glorious attributes of her mind by a confined education, and by retarding the growth of her energies by impartial laws, and by the unworthy judgments of society.



One of the deepest rooted principles of our nature is, for man to form those combinations which will yield him the securest advantage or protection. The weak naturally seek the assistance of the strong, as if nature merely endowed man with the choicest of her gifts in trust for his fellows. The female was denied the personal and mental strength of the male, but was endowed with softer and more yielding charms, the more safely to ensure her the protection to which she was by her subjection entitled. How has man redeemed the pledge, to fulfil which the possessive power was vested in him? Is it by permitting physical strength to gain the ascendancy of moral right? Is it by taking advantage of the defenceless state of the thing he was born to protect, by encouraging customs, and establishing laws, which strengthen his own superiorities, and render the chains of submission still heavier than nature ever intended her to bear?

Trace the treatment of a female from the cradle to the grave—her very birth is a subject of disappointment and regret, compared to that of the



heir. For him the fatted calf is killed, and the bells are rung; but the beginning of her life is commemorated with a subdued feeling of joy, as if the commencement should be as noiseless and as gloomy as the general tenor of her existence.

Compare her lot with the boy's—his every wish anticipated—his every whim a law. How frequently is her young spirit left to pine over her own inferiority, while he is pampered in every indulgence which an over-ripe fondness can bestow.

The wounds that are so early inflicted on her sensitive spirit, accord with the manifest injustice with which her natural claims are recognised by our laws, which commences with the moment of her birth, and never leaves her—even on her death-bed.\*

\* Among the inequalities which the sex labour under, first and foremost stands the system of inheritance of property by primogeniture, the characteristic of which is to prefer all males to females. Thus, if a father die, and leave six (or any number of) grown-up daughters, and one son, that son becomes immediately entitled to all his father died possessed of, in exclusion to the whole of his sisters, who, perhaps, are cast adrift on the world, while he may be yet in his cradle. (This system must, however, be under-



But happiness is not to be measured out in acres, nor consolidated in the three per cents. It is not in

need to comprehend what is technically called *real* property only, such as lands, houses, estates, &c.; while the *personal*, such as furniture, money, and whatever else is moveable, is divided equally amongst him and his estate). The period in which this law originated, during the earlier ages of civilization, when the possession of property incured with it a duty of serving personally in the wars, and assisting the military strength of the country, rendered it a wise and useful one. No property, therefore, came into the hands of the female, as it was a physical impossibility that she would be of service to her sovereign, or that she would have such command over her dependants as would compel them. But when the duty has ceased to exist, why does the law that compels that duty still remain?

Another unjustifiable distinction which our law creates between the sexes, is by balancing their individual lives, and considering the man the most worthy, and his loss the most irreparable to society, and placing the female in a still more mortifying inferiority. If a man should take it into his head to kill his wife, his crime is held in no stronger light than if he had murdered a stranger. But on the other hand, were the wife to sacrifice her husband to her passions, the crime would be looked upon as so much more heinous, that she would be visited with the greatest punishment the legislative power can inflict—the same as if she had murdered the king: the homicide of the husband not being considered in the light of murder only, but in that of the deeper and blacker offence, in the legal eye, of High Treason. Till within the last forty years, for every species of crime which did not approach in magnitude to High Treason, the punishment of the man was to be hanged, while that of the woman, in compassion, it is supposed, to her acknowledged mental



the distribution of wealth and distinction only, that society has dealt with a niggardly and partial hand ;

and bodily infirmity, was to be BURNED ALIVE ! This stigma, by an act of the late king's reign, no longer disgraces our national character. Only equal in injustice and barbarity to this law, was that which formerly existed of denying to all females the benefit of clergy, which had the effect of *depriving them of existence* for the punishment of those crimes for which the opposite sex would only be branded in the hand, or receive a month's imprisonment.

Not to favour my readers with too elaborate a treatise, I will mention but a few more female disabilities. All a woman's *personal* property, at her marriage, becomes solely her husband's ; and what landed property she may possess, he has the enjoyment of during marriage ; and at his death, if they have an heir, she only receives a partial benefit, by being entitled to her dower.

Now, though a woman is deprived of every liberty, and every dominion of property by her marriage, does she acquire any by it ? I answer—none whatever ; for those restrictions that are put upon her, are not to her advantage. A wife, though she gives every shilling to her husband, cannot take one from him. The pittance she has gained by “the sweat of her brow” is his, and no power can wrest it from him. She cannot in any way involve him, while he provides her with the scanty necessities of life ; nor is she in a situation to contract a debt herself, which privilege is either a blessing or curse, according to her situation.

Now, although the possession of property renders a woman liable to all the taxes and impositions to which it subjects the opposite sex, yet it confers on her none of the privileges which its possession bestows. It is “taxation without representation.” In proof of which, a woman may have property enough to qualify herself as a member of parliament, yet she is not allowed even to *vote* for one.



look at the frigidity and rigour with which those laws are framed that regard a woman's moral reputation, and yet let me hope not to be understood as viewing her frailty in a less reprehensible, if I do with a less vindictive feeling. It is the prerogative of God alone to condemn—let man soar as near to Heaven as he can by forgiving.

For one error, and that committed perhaps in a delusion of the feelings—for one error, she is ever excluded from the pale of society. Oceans of tears may have bleached the dishonour, but will not drown it in the recollection of the world ; an after

Yet the grand climax of the injustices that are heaped on this unfortunate sex, is one which even the cold calculating head of the law-giver, and the hollow-heartedness of the libertine, will allow as flagrant. What recompense has a parent bestowed on him for the wilful seduction of his child ? What punishment can the unhappy wretch call down on the betrayer of her happiness ? The father must, first of all, bring his child into a court of justice as his *servant*, prove her having committed meritorious offices, and the daughter, to obtain justice, must be placed in the witness box, subjected to the cold-blooded sarcasms and heartless levity of a feed advocate, and made to confess her own shame ! Yet it was with the knowledge of this fact, that a celebrated commentator on the law exclaimed—“ So great a favourite is the fair sex with the laws of England.”



life of seclusion and repentance does not redeem her from the foul obloquy by which she is ever afterwards distinguished. The plague spot of infamy burns on her brow. For her pity, with silver tongue, dare not plead—for her, the scalding tears of penitence fall in vain. She dare not tell how passion might have rioted in her frame—how affection might have palliated the offence to her soul—she must not even tell how her own feelings wooed her to destruction. Can she enter again into the paths of virtue, from which she, in the weakness of a moment, deviated? No : there is a two-edged sword of flame, in the world's opinion, thrown across her way, which separates her from the Eden she has so recklessly lost. While for him, the participator—and when not?—the instigator of her error—he takes his seat in the council, and throws around him the robe of authority, without a blush of shame marking his cheek, or a retributive anathema being cast on his name. The hawk, with his bloody talons, soars aloft to the Heavens, while the dove is left with unstaunched wounds, to



bleed away her life on the earth where she is fallen.

Man walks abroad the image of his Creator, but a "little lower than the angels;" he takes to himself the honour and the glory of the world. Fame and distinction throw at his feet their golden fruit while he is here, and when he is gone, pyramids and mausoleums perpetuate his memory.—The path of a woman's pilgrimage through life is shaded and obscured even when not strewn with difficulties. All the touching and beautiful impulses of her heart deaden for want of room to expand—all her bright and wild imaginings are withered in the dull routine of domestic duty—all the powerful energies of her mind are exhausted in trivial pursuits—and when she arrives at the goal, the simple grave marks her close. She asks for no other monument than in the memory of affection. No lofty deeds are linked with her name—no swelling requiems are chanted over her ashes—the lowly tale of her virtues is disregarded—"She goes from the earth, and is heard of no more."







## THE PRIMA DONNA.

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“ Oh ! thou art fairer than the evening air,  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.”

MARLOWE.










## THE PRIMA DONNA.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE COMBAT.

THERE is perhaps no feeling which has been oftener expressed, than that loneliness which a stranger, or an alien, feels on entering a city, in which he is completely unknown. In the crowds which surround him he experiences, perhaps, a more saddening feeling of solitude than in the heart of a forest. Forms of his fellow men continually pass by him, but no familiar face beckons back any association of his mind; his eye meets with countless others, but no kindred glance claims fellowship; and the melancholy assurance that there





is no one, among the thousands he sees, who feels a wish for his happiness, or cares for his existence, comes in full force to his mind. His home is an inn, where he knows he is only regarded as an object of lucre, and where his presence will only be endured, while his means continue of rendering it profitable to his entertainers.

This, perhaps, was the state of mind in which a young stranger slowly proceeded to the principal restaurateur's in Leipzig, at which city he had but a short time previously arrived. He had despatched the newspapers, and, while the refreshment he had ordered for his evening's repast was preparing, amused himself at that never-failing, but that most desperate resource of unhappy idleness—the window; and as he beheld the groups of individuals, some in conversation, others laughing heedlessly and jocundly, others sauntering about with an air of listlessness, and many hurrying along with an expression of the most intense importance, he felt that the vacuity of his mind was rather increased than removed by beholding the occupations of



others, in which he could in no measure participate; a train of idle speculations were, however, cut short, by the entrance of the attendant bearing the coffee tray.

Surely if there is an uncomfortable feeling ever crosses the mind, it is that in which we get rid of a meal, enjoyed (or rather attempted to be enjoyed) in solitude. The business of the table, without the accompaniment of a voracious appetite, is not sufficient to stimulate the faculties, which produce that excitement, which, next to nourishment, is the grand inducement of the gourmand.

Our stranger, who, by-the-bye, we should have introduced more formally, was a young man of the name of Linden, and his object of visiting this city will be shortly developed. He was evidently a Saxon by birth, and of a somewhat grave aspect, but possessing a handsome, though pale countenance, overshadowed by a profusion of very dark hair, but lighted up by remarkably black eyes, which beamed with intellect and subdued passion.

Whatever his reveries were has never reached



the ears of his biographer, but they were interrupted by the ushering in of a visitor, who, with considerable *sang-froid*, took his place at the table, after bowing to Linden. The gentleman was a middle sized, and rather stout personage, of a heavy sleepy countenance, and an enormous pair of whiskers, which were kept in countenance by a pair of moustaches of a colour nearly approaching to a brown rappee, so that very little more of his face could be seen than his nose and his two little gray eyes, and they seemed in evident fear of being smothered by the encroachments of his capillary embellishments.

With more reserve than what usually takes place in a continental hotel, nothing more than a distant bow and a civil acknowledgment occurred between Linden and the guest.

The awkwardness, however, of self-introduction was saved, by Linden asking a question of the waiter, respecting the means of passing an evening agreeably at Leipzig, which he answered, by referring the querist to the stout gentleman, who he




addressed as the Baron Von Puffendorff, as an individual the better qualified to bestow the required information.

It should not be forgotten, that the Baron held in his mouth and hand, a pipe of the most extraordinary dimensions, which he continued smoking with the most praiseworthy assiduity, till a mythological enthusiast might have imagined the portion of the room he occupied, was Jupiter in a cloud, although he must have laboured under some difficulty in finding any resemblance between the sturdy little German and Iole. However, after parting with a volume of smoke, which issued from one corner of his moustaches, he grunted out, with his eyes half closed—"Pomff," what—"La Rosignuola!"

"La Rosignuola," repeated the stranger.

"Pomff!" said the Baron.

"Yes, Sir," re-echoed the waiter, "La Rosignuola," staring with his eyes stretched to their utmost extent, "what else, Sir, is there but La Rosignuola?"





“ Who talks of La Rosignuola ? ” uttered another voice in an ecstasy ; “ divine—beautiful Rosignuola—receive the homage of a heart devoted to your charms ! Is there an eye that never rested on thy beauty without admiration—is there a heart that never thrilled at the hope of pressing thine ? ” The speaker paused either for want of breath or ideas, and gave his astonished auditor an opportunity of surveying his person.

“ Oh ! Rosignuola, how this heart beats for thee—waiter, have you any muffins with fresh butter ? ”

It was a little fat individual, in the full canonicals of a French Abbé. He was of a ruddy fair complexion, and seemed untroubled with either the sorrows of this world, or any disagreeable anticipations of the next ; and if an accurate judgment of his mind might be formed from his portly stomach, he had at all times a sufficient resource for any unfortunate contingency which might occur in either.

Before he had seated himself, he ran, or rather waddled to the smoking gentleman, who seemed as



unconscious as his hookah of his presence, and exclaimed—

“ Baron, my dear Baron, how happy I am to see your pipe, as usual, your faithful companion. So, La Rosignuola has at last arrived.”

“ Pomff!” said the Baron.

“ But,” continued the Abbé, “ I see a visitor ; a stranger to Leipzig, I presume.” Linden bowed acquiescence. “ I am quite delighted at one of my spiritual calling—devil take the waiter for not bringing the coffee—being the first to welcome you. Of course, Sir, you are aware, of the arrival of La Rosignuola, who, after bewitching all eyes, transporting all hearts, fascinating all senses, and making as many conquests as Alexander the Great, has at last delighted us with her presence. Sir, if you are not already deep as the Atlantic in love with her from my description, I promise you before twelve o’clock to-night you shall be the most miserable dog alive.—Waiter, you infernal waiter, you have only buttered one side of the muffin.”



“ Then,” answered Linden, without feeling it necessary to attend to the last part of the reverend gentleman’s exordium, “ I think if there is that danger I had better stay away, and keep from the enchantress’s wiles.”

“ Stay away, and never heard the liquid harmony of the dulcet Rosignuola !—Sir, you are the only man I ever heard in my life, who would not have thought himself the happiest fellow alive in having the chance of being made wretched for her sake all the remainder of his life. Oh ! beatified Rosignuola !—what a clumsy blockhead this cook is, in sweetening the coffee with brown sugar. Baron, of course you have secured your ticket ; I am wild with anticipation—the landlord tells me he has a fresh supply of oysters this morning—divine Rosignuola !—how tempting !—little fat things swimming in their own rich liquor—how beautifully thy notes ascend—how I long to disenfranchise the little rogues from their shells—talk of the music of the spheres, and imagine her silvery notes




penetrating through the heart—how I can fancy them tickling my throat quite alive. Baron, are you not transported with the idea?"

The smoker did not seem to care whether the subject of the Abbé's rhapsody was oysters or La Rosignuola, but let his customary "Pomff" unwillingly escape.

"But, my dear sir, you have secured your ticket?—foolish question of me to ask—of course you have."

Linden acknowledged that he had not, but would, at the divine's recommendation, immediately despatch the waiter for the attainment of so desirable an object.

"Not!" exclaimed the Abbé, with an exclamation of horror, and as he turned his eyes towards Heaven, "then you are a lost man! At three o'clock there was but half a dozen tickets to be disposed of, and they were at fifty per cent. premium, and now the doors will open in half an hour; I pity you from the bottom of my heart—I condole with you."





Here the Abbé looked most wofully, and the Baron even himself relaxed his muscles, and offered the unhappy man a pinch of snuff.

“Landlord, waiter, chamberlain, cook, postilion,” impetuously vociferated the Abbé, as he hurried to the door, and in less than a minute the room was filled with the whole of these important officials.

“Run, run, to the theatre—get a ticket for one individual to any part of the house. Give my compliments to the director—the Baron de Puffendorff’s earnest desires to the manager—and this gentleman—the Honourable—the Count—the Marquis—the Duke—the Prince——*Morbleu*, Sir—but what?—I have forgotten your name—offer any sum”——

“Stop, pray stop, sir,” exclaimed Linden, “you are giving yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble on my account.”

“For the love of the Virgin, do not mention it—do not stop at any sum—bribe manager, director, composer, book-keeper, box-keeper, and door-



keeper—but get a ticket. Be quick, ye lazy vermin, and this gentleman will liberally reward your exertions if they are successful.”

In an instant, before Linden could stem this impetuous current, the whole crowd was dissipated, and he beheld the household scampering along the pavement, as if the evil one was determined on appropriating the hindmost to his own unhallowed purposes.

The Baron remained in the same state of imperturbable quietude, but his silence was made up by the Abbé’s volubility.

“I congratulate you, my dear friend,” as he threw his arms round Linden’s neck, “at the chance you possess of obtaining so delightful an object. Such a dinner, Baron, at the *table d’hôte*—think, Sir, of the delicious treat in store for you—fish fresh, crimp, and firm—young, beautiful, and accomplished—the omelets were transcendent!—her eyes! talk of stars, so wildly beautiful, roving—chicken fricassee—oh! melody, divine melody!”

At this pitch of his discourse, the little enthusiast



was interrupted by the entrance of the various members of the establishment, who declared the impossibility of approaching even the doors of the treasury, so numerous were the applicants for tickets.

“We’ll try ourselves—order the Baron’s calechè—bring a voiture for the gentleman—no, we’ll walk ; come, Sir, be quick, not a moment to be lost, life and death depends upon our speed. Never mind your hat (seeing Linden was looking round for it), nothing at all conspicuous in times of excitement like these—Baron, let us be off—fly, monsieur !” as he clapped on the smoker’s *chapeau bras*.

In a very few minutes, what with the little Abbé pushing the Baron, first edging on one side of the pavement, and driving on the other, with exhortations, and sundry more home-thrusting arguments, with a little gold-headed cane, which he applied to the arm-pits of either of his companions whom he saw flagging, they arrived at the scene of action.

Here a scene, worthy of the pit door of a London Theatre, on a Kean night, presented itself.



For the supposed half-dozen remaining tickets near as many hundred claimants had collected, and each seemed to express his own right to the enviable object, by the greater exertion of his lungs; so that the scene was not only a most oppressive, but a most deafening one.

The Abbé seemed to enjoy the confusion amazingly, and, to his heart's delight, managed by creeping between the legs of some, and sliding over the shoulders of others, to insinuate himself into the thickest of the crowd.

But a more difficult thing was to be managed, which was to get his companions to follow him. The stranger had very prudently concealed himself in the crowd, rather than be subjected to the importunities and the gratuitous annoyances of the Abbé, but the Baron was not so fortunate. Knowing that the veritable German would as soon part with his life as his pipe, the divine seized upon the latter end of it, heated as it was with the burning tobacco, and, in his vain attempt to secure his constant com-



panion, the luckless Baron was forcibly lugged into the thickest of the crowd.

“ My God !” he at last exclaimed, “ what will become of me if they push against my stomach ?”

The door at last opened, and all eyes and ears were bent for the communication which was to ensue. It was simply an announcement that there was only one ticket left, which was at the disposal of the first claimant.

“ I—I—I—I,” uttered five hundred voices.

“ Whoever advances a step towards the door,” exclaimed an officer in the Prussian uniform, “ does it at the peril of his life ;” and, as an earnest of his threat, he drew his sword, and brandished it over the heads of the surrounding multitude.

The exasperated and irritated feelings of the disappointed applicants seemed only waiting for a signal like this to break forth, and in another moment swords and sticks were engaged in busy altercation. A volley of curses, stones, and other missiles, flew about promiscuously, and more particularly



at the head of the officer, who was now engaged in a regular contest with another military man, who had succeeded, like himself, either by the point of his argument, or the point of his weapon, in obtaining possession of the threshold.

The ferocity of the attack, and the clash of their weapons, rather calmed the fierce spirit of the crowd, some of whom in vain endeavoured to separate the combatants. But, as if to create the fine effect of the ludicrous and the terrific, the little fat Abbé managed to mount on the shoulders of two of his neighbours, and prepared to harangue the multitude.

“Worshippers of Baal—incendiaries of the evil one—gentlemen—I request your polite attention”—here he stopped, and, taking out his handkerchief, wiped his bald head, and proceeded—“I appeal to you as good Catholics”—here was hissing, groaning, and no lack of missiles of very varied description—“as members of the Lutheran church—to forbear—you blood-thirsty howling wolves of the desert.”



"Down with the hypocritical rascal," was shouted by fifty voices—a call no sooner made but obeyed; for his sturdy supporters retreating a few steps backwards, the orator was dislodged from his forum into the mire, and was evidently in danger of being trampled to death, till he was rolled through the crowd, and safely deposited in the gutter.

"My God!" said the Baron, as soon as he saw his reverend friend, who smiled with the anticipation of a sweet consolation, "where's my pipe?"

"Damn your pipe," said the divine, forgetting even his curé in the moment.

In a very few minutes after this pithy dialogue, the eyes of the speaker were directed to a body that was being carried along bleeding, and which was, undoubtedly, that of one of the military opponents; and the victory was soon apparent, by the conqueror bearing, on the point of his sword, the object of the bloody affray.

Linden beheld, with mixed feelings of terror and amusement, the finale of this half farce and half



tragedy, and congratulated himself at the recollection of his father's name being known to the ambassador from —, then resident at Leipzig, and forthwith repaired to his residence, with the hope of obtaining the devoutly to be wished for object.



## CHAPTER II.

## THE THEATRE.

THE hour at length drew near when the doors of the theatre would open, and in a very few minutes not a blank space was to be found within its walls. The conversation was in a subdued tone, but "La Rosignuola" was always to be heard, and nothing could exceed the impatience for the commencement of the evening's entertainment. Even the orchestra, with all its grand and varied harmony, flowing like a stream of rich and impassioned eloquence, was thought tedious, although it insensibly heightened the feelings for the contemplation of that, towards which every eye and ear were concentrated.

Linden had obtained an excellent seat in one of the stalls of the *parterre*, a short distance from the stage, and commanding a full view of the house. By



a successful *ruse* he had separated himself from the talkative Abbé and his smoking companion, and he suffered his imagination to run wild on the scene he was about to enjoy.

But a short time removed from the university of Hallé, the world and its attractions were to him as yet an untried mine. The visions which he had fed in retirement were now ripe with over excitement, and all that he had ever dreamed of beauty, splendour, and pleasure, seemed about to be realized. The dazzling of the chandeliers, and the soft flood of light they emitted—the beauty of the female forms, and the soft perfumes stealing through the heated atmosphere, joined with the exquisite tones of melody, spread a languid voluptuousness over him, and its delusion was only heightened by the rising of the curtain.

The first scene passed over ineffectively ; there was evidently too strong an excitement amongst the audience to enjoy it. But in the second, the object of enthusiasm presented herself, and in a moment every eye was directed to one concen-



trating focus. It was she—the lovely Rosignuola.

A thousand voices uttered her name—a thousand hands expressed a heartfelt welcome. But she herself, the darling of a thousand eyes, stood before them, and no one looked conscious but herself of the tumultuous and deafening joy her presence occasioned. Radiant with loveliness, beaming with the attributes of virtue and high intellect, she seemed to stand rather like the embodiment of some beautiful creation of a poet's dream, than a being of mortality—or, to approach nearer to earth, as one of Canova's lovely nymphs, full of grace, innocence, and simplicity.

Her age could scarcely have been above twenty, and her features exhibited the rare combination of girlish simplicity, with the striking attributes of intellectual eminence. Her figure was *petite*, but of perfect symmetry; her eyes, which seemed stolen from the skies, were bent downwards with the excess of her feelings, and, with their trembling lids, gave her the mild and spiritual expression of a Madonna



of Carlo Dolce, while her cheeks, flushed with the lofty expression of genius, bordered beyond even the painter's inspiration.

She raised her white graceful arm, and if a sculptor had beheld her exquisite hands and feet, he would have forsworn his art unless he could have obtained a model from them. Her hair, which was of a light auburn, hung in grape-like clusters round her swan-like neck, and a smile, perpetually hovering round her mouth, displaying a row of the whitest pearls in the shape of teeth, had that ineffable sweetness which communicates the gladness of the owner's heart to all who witness it.

No one who has seen the lovely original can charge this faint picture of her personal charms as being exaggerated or overdrawn, and if its want of complete identity can be traced, it must be from the impossibility of description giving an idea of them.

But there was more than personal beauty that rivetted the spectator's gaze—there was the soul of the enchantress, struggling through her features,



giving beauty, character, and elevation to her corporeal charms—a grace and elegance pervading every motion, which thrilled from heart to heart, as if led by the chain of a galvanic power.

It might have been the effect of happy consciousness in thus seeing herself the idol of a thousand admiring faces, and the object communicating joy so easily, that overpowered her for a moment; but raising her eyes, which laughed with the exuberance of the joyousness of her bosom, she curtsied reverently, and proceeded with the business of her character.

And how did Linden feel with this transcendent vision before him? All the bright fancies which a vivid imagination had conjured up of beauty and loveliness darted to his brain, and seemed realized in the bright creature before him.

His eyes owned no other object, and as her form sometimes glided by the splendid architecture of the stage, and was for a moment lost in its distant perspectives, and again re-appeared before the eyes of the audience, like a star in the horizon, he drank



as it were the atmosphere of passion, which seemed to give one prevailing hue to every object of his senses.

The first air of the singer was the divine conception of Rossini's, "*Una voce poco fa*." It seemed more like the gentle outpouring of a grateful breast, of sweet thoughts and playful ideas, than the full tide of fervent passion, which the spectators appeared to have anticipated. But the music spoke to the enthusiastic Linden's heart in a language already familiar to him, it was the language of feeling, and the words were also "familiar sounds." The harmonious syllables of the sweet south, brought its blue skies, its placid streams, and its heaven-capped mountains to his mind, with many a passionate recollection, and filled his eyes with pleasant tears at the retrospection. The cunning hand of the master struck every chord of his heart, which yet lay dormant; and while his ear drank the sweet sounds of her captivating melody, his eyes revelled on her charms, and every sense seemed to lull him into a state of happy unconsciousness,



He, at last, seemed only sensible of the conclusion of the evening's performance, which had passed before his heated imagination like a glittering and gorgeous pageantry of brief duration, by the uproar, which testified that the feelings of the audience were in accordance with his own. The whole house was standing, the gentlemen waving their hats, clapping their hands, and beating with their canes, as if to give vent by their vociferation to the strong excitement of their feelings, while the gentler portion of the audience testified their delight, by waving their handkerchiefs and throwing flowers on the stage.

Linden, with much of that morbid sensibility of his country, as if fearful that even the outrageous display of delight in others might jar with the sweet feelings of his own breast, rose and left the audience, who continued in the theatre for near a quarter of an hour afterwards, as if rivetted to the circle over which the enchantress had swayed her wand.

The refreshing draught of air which saluted him,



on gaining the exterior of the edifice, seemed to give him consciousness of his situation, but not to drown one idea of the lovely being, who had been the sole object of his thoughts and feelings. He felt that it was no sudden fascination of the moment, but a colouring had been given that night to his affections, which nothing could efface; the captivation had taken so strong a hold, that he felt that his future destiny was at once fixed and irrevocable.

Heedless where his footsteps might lead him, he sauntered to the three rivers, at whose confluence Leipzig is situated, and, as he beheld the moon silvering this "meeting of the waters," passion revelled in its joyous creation.

How delicious are its first approaches—the breeze which carries the breath of the violet breathes not sweeter, as it comes stealing voluptuously and languidly over the senses, wrapping them in its dreamy folds. But not so when the insidious guest has secured its anchorage—the simoon, with its withering breath, does not carry with it a more



desolating current, sweeping in its course all other ties, feelings, and affections, and leaving the heart a blackened ruin.

Upon the waking dreams of the young lover we will not dwell, but carry him, well chilled with the night air, back to the restaurateur's. Here he found his tormentor the Abbé, as loquacious and voracious for his oysters, as in his praise and admiration of the bewitching Rosignuola. How it lacerated Linden's morbid spirit to hear her name uttered so freely by the empty prater ! He seemed to feel that no one but himself had a right to utter it, and if his own feelings were to sit as judge and jurors on the occasion, he would have convicted the daring wretch of treason, who even thought of the heavenly being who was exercising her dominion within him.

The Baron and his pipe were also at the table, and the meditative and whiskered German seemed dwelling with infinite complacency on his evening's entertainment. There were also two or three other individuals present, one of whom Linden



recognised as the *directeur* of the theatre ; another as a distinguished young English nobleman on his travels ; and the third was afterwards pointed out to him as an eminent counsellor, who fancied himself as excellent a critic in the fine arts and literature, as in the manœuvres and chicaneries of his profession.

“ Oysters and Hockheimer” were called for, and, before the table was covered, all the conversation was engrossed by different superlatives of admiration of the divine Prima Donna. The Abbé made a strange enumeration of her various charms, intermingled with a catalogue of the best flavoured oysters. What with the happiness of the past, and the pleasant prospect of the future, the little man’s head was quite turned, and the very small portion of brains which nature had granted him, seemed less apparent than ever from his discourse. His liveliness was, however, in fine relief to the solemn stupidity of the Baron, who smoked with unabating ardour, without moving a muscle, and looked as much like an automaton as if he were



practising for a sign at a tobacconist's door way. At last, to the astonishment of all, he opened his mouth, and exclaimed—"By G—, if I would not give up my pipe for three days for a kiss of her pretty little mouth."

However volubly their enthusiasm had been expressed, they felt, from the Baron's attachment to his tobacco, which, in or out of doors, in bed, or out, he was never known to be separated from, that the force of admiration could "no farther go," and that they had been exceeded by the plethoric Baron in their rapturous acknowledgments. The Duchess of Devonshire was not more delighted with the dustman's request of lighting his pipe from the beams of her eyes, than the lovely Rosignuola was upon hearing of her admirer's voluntary offer of so severe a sacrifice.

Although the topic was one which was occupying the whole of Linden's mind, he felt indifferent to all the remarks and eccentricities of his companions, until his attention was drawn to the supreme affection of the English nobleman, who was boasting



to the Counsellor of his intimacy with the object of the evening's attraction.

The Earl Rainbow was one of those unhappy individuals who seemed to possess a magnetic power in attracting round themselves all that is vain, empty, and contemptible; who visit nation upon nation, and are familiar with courts upon courts, only acquiring at each succeeding one an addition to their insufferable qualities. The Earl had left Eton a buck, and soon astonished Oxford with his eminence in dandyism; in London he became the oracle of tailors, and his hat was the model of fashion. With the collar of his coat, if you would not abandon every chance of being admitted into exclusive circles, your fate was unhappily linked; the point of his boots were the only thing authentic; and to the tie of his cravat rebel if you dare, but there was no appeal.

Without ever feeling a real emotion in his life (except upon the occasion of his being disappointed by his builder, when a rival in ton wore a coat which was borrowed from an idea of his own), the



Earl affected to be the victim of sensibility, and spoke with a lachrymose modesty of the number of his achievements in gallantry. At London his ambition was to shine as a *roué*, but rather apprehensive of the consequences, he was always inclined to the most favourable characteristic of the hero—mercy! and his victories seldom cost *him* any thing, but the supposed unfortunate participator in his pleasures, undeserved loss of reputation. Once, indeed, he shone as the defendant in a crim-con. case, but the real aggressor was his valet, who permitted his master to reap all the honour of the triumph, on condition that he should bear the brunt of the law-suit—an arrangement which met with my lord's perfect acquiescence.

For ever seeking the character of a profligate, he was in reality a most harmless individual, and perhaps did less mischief wherever he went than nine-tenths of the Simon Pures, who creep through this naughty world with the character of being mighty good sort of people.

At London, a well-known vocalist and distin-



guished beauty was under his protection, and although this seemed undoubtedly very hardened and dissolute, yet the height of his iniquities consisted of his driving her once a week to the park, and having his carriage daily seen waiting for her at the stage door of the theatre. The parish officers never found him unwilling to dispense with any honours that they might feel inclined to confer on him, so that in less than three years of his coming of age, he arrived at the enviable distinction of being "done up," and sent to the Continent to acquire fresh honours.

At Paris, one of the most dashing *figurantes* accepted of a sinecure office under his protection, and after involving himself in the usual maze of dissipation and innocuous libertinism, he arrived at Leipzig, for the avowed purpose of outbidding the manager, in his offers of "an engagement" to the interesting and spotless Rosignuola.

"What do you think of two thousand louis d'or as my *compagnon de voyage*, for my trip to the Mediterranean? Don't you think, Counsellor, she



will break her engagement, as coolly as she would some poor devil's heart who aspired to admire her?" sneering palpably at Linden, who was sitting "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies."

"Why what an individual of your lordship's figure and celebrity might do I am not prepared to anticipate; but the character of La Rosignuolo is *as yet* above impeachment."

"Oh! as for that, I am perfectly well aware; I never knew yet the fortifications of a Prima Donna's reputation that were not invincible!"

Linden felt all the blood in his body rise at this insinuation, and found a difficulty in concealing his inclination of trampling the speaker under his foot. The little Abbé, however, having washed down his oysters with a goblet of sparkling Hockheimer, took upon himself the office of defending the lady's character.

His volubility assisted him as usual, and he was borne out in his observations by an officer, who was far advanced in years, and who vouched for the unsullied reputation of the *debutante*.



A fire of words ensued; the Lord satirically laughed at the idea of an actress's virtue, and asked the Counsellor, who had avowed himself, in the vanity of his heart, to be an author, how many critics she kept in pay to keep up the fortress of her chastity? "As for that sentimental gentleman in black, that sits in the corner, if I may judge from his rueful visage, he is one of them, and is at this present moment planning a romance, where his favourite Rosignuola is to appear in the doubly interesting capacity of 'Beauty in tears' and 'Virtue triumphant.'"

This personal and pointed attack on Linden could not remain unnoticed, nor be brooked any longer in silence. Seizing, from the clutch of the Baron, a decanter, he flung it headlong at the head of the Lord, which it narrowly escaped, and uttered—"Mean and insignificant calumniator of female worth and of manly courage, take that for thy insolence; and spatter not your dirt for the future at objects which are above your puny arm and con-



temptible reach. If you have the courage of a man, follow me."

The whole of the guests endeavoured in vain to prevent his leaving the room, particularly as the Earl made some faint show of quitting also, but suffered his better feelings of humanity to prevail, and to be led back to his place.

The countenance of Linden, as he left the room, indeed, struck a terror into the soul of the effeminate lord. The flushed cheek, the uplifted arm, and the flashing eye, spoke an appalling language to the coward's heart, which he in vain attempted to turn off with a contemptuous smile—

"In the name of all that is sacred, who is this knight-errant of Prima Donnas? Some fellow in her pay, I presume."

All expressed their ignorance of Linden, except of his recent arrival.

"Oh! some sentimental tailor; come, I suppose, to catch the fashion from Paris," casting an approving eye at his own dress. But however vain he might have talked, the lord's heart quaked



within him, and he secretly whispered his valet to carry a message to the English *Charge d'Affaires*, to request his protection as a British subject.

At this unexpected conclusion, the party severally departed to their respective domiciles, leaving the Abbé and the Counsellor at the door way, arguing a point of precedence.



## CHAPTER III.

## LA ROSIGNUOLA.

OUR next scene is the boudoir of the bright being whose name has so frequently occurred. The apartment in which the votary of St. Cecilia was sitting, was fitted up with all the exquisite taste and splendid fancy of the graceful girl who occupied it. In different niches were lamps, emitting a subdued light and a sweet fragrance, supported by classical figures of ormolu, while vases of rare china, filled with flowers, occupied other stations. Musical instruments splendidly embellished; busts of the spirits of the olden time, intermingled with fanciful departments for books, were surrounded by pictures, which seemed chosen more with an eye of mental association than of critical superiority—Theseus and Ariadne—Sappho, with her wild dishevelled locks



—Hero, and the fair boy “ who perished before his prime ;” all kindled up delightful recollections of the past, and seemed to consecrate the room as the temple of genius, while she, the fair possessor, looked like the presiding deity, at whose shrine these libations had been made, as being characteristic of her nature.

It may be naturally suggested, was she, the bright being who had been communicating joy to all others—who was the sun of a world’s attraction, giving light, life, and warmth, wherever she beamed—was she herself happy?—or had she it in her power of imbibing those feelings herself, which she lavished so prodigally on her fellow-creatures? The bitter truth must be told—Henrietta was not happy. She felt she was indeed the object of the admiring gaze of thousands, and she shuddered at her exposed situation, which warred with all the delicate feelings of her soul.

“ Oh ! how happy,” she exclaimed, “ would have been my lot, if, instead of being the subject of a world’s idolatry, it had been mine to grace some



circle of domestic love, where every charm with which Nature has endowed me might bloom and spread naturally, without the forcing heat of a nation's admiration."

As she uttered these words, she unfastened the mock flowers she had twined in her hair, for she was still in the same costume which she had performed in, and seemed, as she parted with these artificial emblems, to re-assume her natural character.

Although the hour was late, she reclined on a couch, reflecting on the peculiar situation she was placed in, as the popular favourite. Equally the object of public admiration and private jealousy, she saw herself elevated on a pinnacle, whose very loftiness was the surest indication of her danger.


Hers was, besides, a course of life which did not accord with her mind, soaring as it was with the consciousness of genius. It was not when she was in the exercise of her talents on the stage that she felt herself humiliated—no: there the high-born feelings of her heart might escape, but the penalty



she had to pay on leaving it was proportionably great with the splendour of her success.

The whole of the time undedicated to the duties of her profession, was occupied by frivolous visitors, who, from her public station in life, felt themselves at liberty to call at all times they thought proper. Here she was constrained to hear the unmeaning *badinage* of some, the fulsome admiration of others, and oftentimes addresses, which, in receiving, shocked the modesty of her nature, and yet whose repetition she unhappily felt it was impossible for her to avoid.

Her own feelings were averse to adulation of any description, save that of the few beings from whom she claimed affection. Study and reflection, and the private exercise of those elegant accomplishments she had made so exclusively her own, she felt was the sphere where her native spirit might revel as in its home. With her mind dwelling on these sad images, she sought the solitude of her chamber, where, for the present, we will leave her in the pursuit of her reflections.





The lovely Prima Donna herself was not the only one who felt unhappy at her dazzling elevation.

The performance of the evening was not concluded before Terzetta, who was, until the appearance of Henrietta, the popular favourite, had quitted the theatre, unable to smother her feelings of jealousy at the sight of her rival's splendid success. She was dwelling bitterly over the change of her affairs, when Lauretta, the first comic actress of the Leipzig stage, tapped at her door way, and saluted her by name.

“ Is it you, Lauretta ?—Well, I am mightily glad of your visit ; you have just arrived in time to chase away the blue devils.”

“ Prithee, why so sad, my dear little Terzetta ? Has the Abbé failed in his customary attendance—or has my Lord Anglais been less liberal in his presents—or has he been showing a preference to his own conceited visage over your unrivalled charms ?”

“ How provoking you are to ask why, and to



assign such trumpety causes. Can you feel a doubt on the real subject of my despair?"

"Oh, no, believe me; a fellow-feeling at all times makes us sympathetic. You know I am likely to be as great a sufferer as yourself; the new *Prima Donna* reigns uppermost I see."

Terzetta bit her lip in vexation, as her silence acknowledged the truth of her friend's suspicions, but something more good-naturedly exclaimed—  
"What will become of us, my dear Laura? We shall both be placed on the shelf for a certainty. Not a beau (except the pale Colonel from Koningsberg) has called on me, and all the faithless crew did nothing but talk of La Rosignuola at their last visit. I shall go positively distracted, or turn green with jealousy, or else poison myself, or my more fortunate rival."

"For my own part, I have no occasion to be vainer than yourself. Not a single civil thing have I had whispered to me all this day, and not a cavalier condescended to drop into my box, except



for the purpose of venting his admiration on the *debutante* ! Truly delightful, is it not ?”

Terzetta sighed assent.

“ But, my dear girl, are we to suffer ourselves to be eclipsed without making a struggle to shine once more ? Shall this monopolizing Rosignuola run away with all our admirers, and we sit quietly and endure it ?”

“ But how, Lauretta, are we to prevent her success ?”

“ Let us first see, like skilful, although discomfited generals, what our forces consist of, after the havoc the cruel Prima Donna has made in our ranks. In the first place, my Lord Rainbow promises fidelity, and the little Abbé you may rely upon, if you will condescend to indulge him with a smile, will be the organ of any little scandal we may wish to propagate.”

“ But what good will all this be ?”

“ Silence, and you shall hear. Then I can depend on, as my sworn ally, and constant admirer, the



critic who writes the comments for the Gazette. He will be of great importance, and is an admirable hand at a '*but*.' Then we know the *directeur* of the rival establishment, and he will feel it as his interest in bringing the world to their senses."

"In the name of wonder, Lauretta, what are you aiming at?"

"Are you so obtuse as not to have discovered my plan of attack during the review of our forces. Listen once more. Let us, by our joint exertions, spread a few calumnious reports as regards the 'spotless reputation,' that her admirers talk so much of, and get the venal press in our favour, who will speak coldly and slightly of her talents, and exaggerate grossly her defects. The public, too accustomed to be led by the nose—excuse the homeliness of my illustration—will begin to think that it has been hurried away by its own enthusiasm. Soon all the excitement in her favour will be exhausted, and she will share the same fate as that of all nine-days' wonders."

"Bravo, my dear Lauretta, let me embrace



you." And the two actresses chuckled with infinite satisfaction on the success of their scheme, which they determined on putting in immediate practice, lest the proposed auxiliaries of their plot should have already espoused the cause of the enemy.

The first person sent for was the critic, who, after a few glasses of Champagne, began to consider his *employées* as dreadfully ill-used people, and as there was not time for him to write a fresh critique, he resolved on letting the one he had already concocted stand, adding, by way of a supplement, the opinions occasioned by his change of ideas.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE CONFESSION.

THE different degrees of excitement which Linden had felt during the whole of the preceding evening, did not contribute towards his repose on his quitting the coffee-room after the violent ebullition of his feelings. He tossed about in his bed in a restless state; one form was continually before his eyes, which was that of the lovely songstress. At last he slept, and she, the object of his waking visions, became the phantom which hovered round his slumbers. Dreams of happiness, where Rosignuola was smiling by his side, intermingled with frightful horrors of danger and surprise, kept him in as feverish a state as during his waking moments. Sometimes he fancied himself roving beside her on the flowery banks of their native



Rhine; at other times he beheld her on a promontory, with looks of entreaty and despair, beckoning to him, while a fierce and dark torrent seemed to roll a barrier between them.

He, however, arose in the morning refreshed, with the strongest excitement in his mind to view again the bewitching nightingale who had robbed him of his evening's slumbers. As very little etiquette is observed abroad in these matters, the visits of strangers on public favourites, are rather looked on as honours conferred, than what they would be thought in our fastidious land, as intrusions on private life. The mornings, therefore, of Rosignuola were usually spent, when unoccupied by rehearsal, in receiving these voluntary offerings to the shrine of her attractions.

Linden soon found himself in the drawing-room of the vocalist, where he was, however, introduced by the kind offices of his friend the Abbé. Rosignuola received Linden with her accustomed grace, and a penetrating observer might have observed that, at the moment, her lip very slightly



quivered, and her colour changed faintly. From the prominent station of Linden the evening before, she could not help remarking him, for his features were too strikingly handsome to escape observation; and the fluctuation of his countenance during her performance, when his eyes seemed to know no other object but her, so expressive, and so intellectual, that it appeared like the barometer of his soul, insensibly flattered her, and predisposed her with something like an interest for her visitor.

When Linden found the characters which were intermingled in the *soirée*, among whom were the English Lord, the Baron, the Counsellor, and others of his evening's companions, he at once found the impossibility of communing freely in the same atmosphere. He found, or rather fancied, it was impossible he could bend his mind to the same superficial subjects in which they revelled, and therefore shut himself up in his own thoughts or feelings; or in the silent admiration of their beloved object, as she flitted gracefully around the




room, dispensing, as she went, equally the glow of pure and benevolent feeling. Thus, to a superficial observer, he, whose whole soul was absorbed in her only, seemed the only one in the clamorous and complimentary circle who was insensible of her presence.

Linden indeed fell into a common error of men of genius, who, unwilling to descend from the altitude of their imaginations, shut themselves up, in their own reflections, rather than grapple with objects they think beneath them, or whose attainment is too easily acquired to be worthy their pursuit. It is the universality of the mind alone which constitutes its elevation; although genius may, in fact, consist of very general powers, concentrated in one powerful direction, yet it is invariably displayed by its facility in the comprehension of contrarieties. The mind of a great man, in a word, is like the trunk of an elephant, which can tear a huge tree from its rooted foundation, and toss it into the air, or sportively pick up a feather as it floats in the passing breeze.



Henrietta had studied human nature too attentively, to judge the reserve and silence of Linden as indicative of either vacuity of mind, or want of sensibility. She thought that she could read in his languishing dark eye, and his face "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," the history of deep contemplation, and of passionate feelings subdued, though still cherished in solitude. She could not resist her inclination of inquiring of the Abbé who the stranger was, and felt very little satisfied at the divine's information, of the extent of which the reader can form an accurate judgment.

The question was, however, heard by my Lord Anglais, who had till that moment been surveying himself, with his usual complacency, in a pier glass, and answered by him in a subdued whisper; he assured Henrietta that Linden had made his appearance in Leipzig but a day before, and that he was either a spy sent from a foreign state, or else a fiddler, or half-pay poet. The cautious way in which this intelligence was conveyed—the hesitating





glance the nobleman cast at its object as he spoke—and the vagueness and contrariety of the occupations so gratuitously assigned to the stranger, rendered the lady an exact criterion by which she could judge of their credibility.

A cessation was here put to any further conversation on that subject, by the Counsellor producing a newspaper containing a critique on the previous evening's performance. Our learned friend, who was most anxious to insinuate himself into the good graces of the Prima Donna, of whom he was a professed though distant admirer, thought this was a golden opportunity of evincing both his admiration and critical acumen. With what portion of good taste, as may be easily estimated, he hemmed—cleared his throat—and prepared to read aloud the criticism in the presence of the charming individual to whom it referred.

“THEATRE, LEIPZIG.

“This evening, being the night fixed for the first appearance, on this stage, of the beautiful nightingale of the north, La”——



“In charity sake! my good sir, proceed no further!” exclaimed Rosignuola, as her cheek was suffused with blushes, at thus finding herself so marked an object of public admiration, which she thought testified an inordinate vanity in listening to. The Counsellor, however, halted not, in spite of her remonstrances.

“The theatre was crammed to an overflow, for long before the opening of the doors one ticket alone remained undisposed of, and whose possession was even contested for at the point of the sword. On her appearance, by the enthusiasm manifested, there seemed to be no feeling amongst the audience that the hyperbolical language, which had been previously lavished in her praise, was inappropriate and undeserved.” Poor Rosignuola seemed in a most uncomfortable situation, as if hesitating at what course to pursue. If she left the room she knew, with the customary liberality with which the private actions of individuals in her sphere of life are viewed, that her quitting it would be thought as a false assumption of modesty on her own part; or



what, from the goodness of her heart, rather than respect to the majority of her visitors, she dreaded more, be construed into a contempt of their society. As if at a loss how to act, she turned her eyes on Linden, and from a glance she seemed to read approval, and again seated herself. The Counsellor proceeded—

“Of her voice and execution it is not in language to do justice; it is of extraordinary compass, melody, and power, reaching to an extent that at once dazzles and enchants the auditor.”

“Bravo! bravissimo!” echoed throughout the room; “how perfectly true! how just are the sentiments!”

“The very words that I should have made use of myself,” cried the Abbé, determined to share in the honours of the moment.

“Who can the author be? what is his name? happy man to have the power of expressing what every one feels so ardently.”

“Who can it be,” said the Abbé, his chubby face brightening with the discovery, “but the



worthy lawyer himself." The room resounded with acclamations.

"Nay, gentlemen, you really must excuse me—oh! Sirs, you do me too much honour;—I the author—you flatter me, indeed, too much," said the barrister, with a sheepish look of self-congratulation, in which his manner, as he wished, totally belied every word of what he was uttering.

"No equivocation—no denial is necessary;—oh! felicitous disciple of Aristarchus!"

The Counsellor looked, as individuals of peculiar modesty, on the receipt of favours which they are not deserving of, are inclined to do, and with a satisfactory air recommenced—

"But"—had he met a basilisk he could not have stared more wofully than he did at that monosyllable. He had arrived at the supplementary part, which was added by the connivance of the histrionic rivals—"But"—

"Well, why do you stop?" cried a dozen voices.

"In paying this faint tribute to the charms and talents of this popular vocalist, we must not suffer



our admiration to get the better of our judgment." The dewy drops began to distil from beneath the periwig of the lawyer, and rolled down his changing visage. He paused again.

"Proceed!" was echoed by Lord Rainbow, who saw the trap into which the vain would-be critic had fallen, and enjoyed the joke with the most malicious *goût*.

"Indeed you must," said the lovely object of the comments; "I have been weak enough to sit quietly to hear all in my praise, pray favour me with what you have thought worth censuring. I shall at all times esteem him as my friend, who reprobates my faults rather than endeavours to weaken my judgment by indiscriminate flattery."

"She has faults, and those neither small nor few, (the Counsellor groaned aloud!) which time and great perseverance can only lessen, but which we are afraid can never be totally eradicated. She is, in fact, a pretty trifle, and nothing more; and we perfectly agree with the observation of a most exalted vocalist, who of course




must be perfectly uninfluenced in her judgment, 'that she is at the head of her class, but that class is far from being the first.' How, in the name of wonder and presumption, she was ever carried away by the follies of an illiterate multitude, to aspire to the lofty height of a *Prima Donna*, is to us most ridiculous and unaccountable."

The whole of this citation was literally conveyed by the Counsellor in absolute agony; starting from his chair, he dashed the luckless journal on the floor, and exclaimed—

"It is false, it is not mine, it is all of those rascally editors putting in, they have altered the conclusion—the whole of mine was in the most exaggerated strain of flattery."

Here a general laugh stopped the irritated wrangler. The Abbé was in ecstasies, and jumped and frisked about the room in extravagant joy. The Baron himself could not but relax his rigid muscles into a smile, as he quietly observed—"It is very good indeed." Linden, although less clamorous than any, could not resist the ludicrous





*denouement*, and rubbed his hands with satisfaction at the lawyer's discomfiture.

"Nay, Mr. Wagner, why are you so delicate?" said Henrietta, approaching him with a conciliatory smile, as he was about rushing from the room; "you must not, indeed, forego the acknowledgment due to your candour and sincerity, however severely expressed."

"You really then believe, madam, I wrote that part of the critique."

"Indeed, the style, Mr. Wagner, of both the complimentary and censoring passages, is too obviously similar to render a doubt of their being from the same pen."

"Confusion seize the paper! oh! cursed vanity that ever prompted me to appropriate to myself that which did not belong to me. D——n me if I will ever set foot into a theatre again, and if I don't commence actions against every individual connected with the infamous Gazette on the first sitting of the Court."

Away went the Counsellor down the stairs as fast



as he could rush, while the shouts of laughter, which his precipitate exit occasioned, rung on his ears like a hellish chorus of infuriated demons.

Most of his tormentors unceremoniously took their leaves, and followed him, purposely to enjoy the fun, and to see what freaks the poor wretch would commit in his exasperated state. A general breaking up of the convocation soon followed, and Linden also took up his hat as if to depart. Some irresistible spell, and what one it was may be very naturally guessed, however, hovered around him, which seemed to chain him still within the circle of the syren's enchantment, and he lingered until he was the last. He then made a desperate resolution to rise, and succeeded; she also rose, a compliment which she had not generally paid to her guests, on their reception and departure, a graceful inclination of the head being her general salutation.

"Madam," said Linden, and he faltered.

"Sir," replied Henrietta, and she saw he was evidently confused. He looked in her face



ardently for a second, and withdrew his eyes, and coloured deeply.

Rosignuola did not at the moment possess her usual self-command; she waved her hand, and mechanically said—

“ Will you not be seated ? ”

But the moment she uttered the words, their meaning flashed on her mind, and she in return, by a blush, kept her admirer in countenance.

“ It is a lovely day,” said Linden, looking conscious that he had made a stupid remark. Henrietta, with admirable tact of character, soon relieved herself and Linden of their mutual embarrassment, by leading him by easy approaches into topics with which she guessed he was familiar, nor was she long unsuccessful in what the Blues would call “ drawing him out.”

There were enough of objects surrounding them to prevent a want of subjects rendering the *tête-à-tête* an uninteresting one, although had Linden but courage to have consulted his own feelings for



the tone of their conversation, he would not have had occasion for any external stimulus.

With a delicacy, which, perhaps, would not have occurred to a less highly gifted mind, he abstained from the subject, which might have appeared a very natural one—the situation and celebrity of Henrietta ; a course for which the lady felt herself truly grateful.

Linden, by his remarks, soon showed himself capable of judging of music, not only as a passion, for as such he really felt it, but also as a science, by his critical details and accurate judgment. Seizing on some point of his remarks, she turned the conversation to romance and poetry, and spoke not only in glowing terms of their native authors, but of those of foreign climes, with whom she was evidently as well acquainted.

She presented to his mind the luxuriant descriptions of La Motte Fouque, and his fertile fancy—of the sublime flights and daring and grotesque imagination of Goëthe—and the romantic fervour and intense feeling of Schiller ; and whether her



memory revelled in the recalling of the beautiful Undine, melting into her native element, like the foam of a playful sea, or a wreath of snow falling on the shining surface of the water—or her heart expanded with the recollection of a passionate scene from the “Robbers,” his eye was lit by the enthusiasm of hers, and his soul swelled with the same glowing recollection. She spoke with the same charming fluency and felicity of judgment, on the sublime creations of a Milton and a Dante—of the universality of Shakspeare—and dwelt with pensive delight on the intense feeling and voluptuous tenderness of Byron and Moore.

Linden was transported, surprised, and excited by a new-born impulse. He seemed lifted above himself, and the many high-born faculties of his mind, which, until that moment had slept in proud consciousness of their intrinsic worth, burst from his lips in a stream of glowing and impassioned eloquence.

“And can it be possible, lovely girl,” after a pause, he exclaimed, “that you, with a mind and



soul so superior to your sex, should have made the profession you have adopted your choice?"

The fair creature mournfully shook her clustering ringlets, as she expressed the reverse. She then, with an expression of confidence beaming from her eyes, related the principal events of her life.

She commenced by stating, that, at the unconscious age of five years, she was placed on the stage by her parents, who were in the same profession; even at that early age she obtained such success, as made it an object to her family, in obliging her to continue there, as an additional resource to their worldly means. It seemed, she went on to say, that, as she had breathed no other atmosphere, save that of a play-house, all her feelings must have been concentrated within its walls. But she owned to the vanity of suspecting she was born for better things, and with an amiable enthusiasm related all her childish dreams of ambition, and intellectual superiority.

When she came to another stage of her history



she was evidently affected, and with difficulty restrained her tears; her voice quivered, as she related how at the age of nine she lost her father, and the short space which followed that deprived her of her only remaining parent. She sobbed at the recollection. But her voice grew firmer when she spoke of the necessity she found of keeping the strictest guard over herself and character, as her charms began to be the theme of popular conversation. She blushed when she spoke of the temptations which, even at an early age, beset her, and her eyes were filled with a modest fire when she told how easily she overcame them.

“But why, charming Henrietta, for by that name I must address you, did you not renounce so public a profession, that must so frequently have afforded opportunities of wounding the delicacy of your feelings?”

“Without a relative or a friend to whom I could look for support, even were I inclined to undergo that obligation—with a spirit unfortunately too high for a servile situation, and perhaps, de-



servedly or not, with the consciousness of superior talents, what line of life, as a female, could I have adopted but the one to which destiny has irrevocably fixed me? You men may grasp the sword or wield the pen—you have the senate, the court, the camp, and the battle field, for the venting forth of your ambition, but we have none but that which seems hardly compatible with the retiring delicacy of a woman's breast."

"True, fatally true!" silently ejaculated Linden.

"Besides, there was another reason which forced me to consider the stage as my profession," she held her head on one side, as the warm blood mounted on her cheek. He looked, as if inquiring for the cause, and she took from a marble slab a jewelled case containing two miniatures, which she kissed fondly.

"For the sake of those who these painted emblems represent have I suffered all! These are my two young sisters, who at the time of my parents' death were left unprovided for, and unpro-



tected. For their welfare have I endured all, and it is to them that I owe all my success. It was the thought of them that animated me in my moments of triumph, and it was their recollection which sustained me through the perils and temptations with which my early career was environed. Do you blame me now?"

"Do I blame you, Henrietta? No: can you ask me?" He gazed on her with eyes overflowing with admiration, and gleaming with passion. A sudden flash seemed to dart through his soul, he fell on his knees before her and seized her hand, and imprinted on it a burning kiss. Henrietta was surprised, and attempted to withdraw her hand—she did not succeed, and, as he pressed it, it trembled within his own. Her whole frame was agitated.

"I have offended you—pardon my boldness, Henrietta. It may be madness—it may be folly; but Heaven itself knows my heart, when I call upon it to witness, that never until this moment did I know the happiness of existence."



"Rise, Mr. Linden, we are as yet but strangers," she exclaimed, as with a dignified air she drew her hand from his clasp.

"I know in the language of the world we are still but strangers; but there is a kindred of the soul, which expresses at once—that concentrates in a glance all that years could convey—Henrietta, from the first moment I saw you, I loved you!"

"Oh! Mr. Linden, these are but words—but words which daily insult my ear. I could not—I thought not to have heard such from you."

"Before mine eyes had been blessed with your sight, I felt some destiny was hanging over me—my heart trembled with the consciousness that my fate was about to be sealed for ever."

"This is but rhapsody, but idle talk, Mr. Linden," faintly uttered the being he addressed.

"Speak not so—they are words burning from my heart! It is presumption to express—madness to hope—call me but your friend."

"Be worthy of the title, and I will ever think of you as such," and she spoke these words in an



assumed calmness, but a tear fell on his burning forehead—he hid his face with his hands—she sighed audibly and deeply—he leant forward, but she collected herself. She motioned for him to leave her, and bent her beautiful blue eyes towards the ground. He rose to take his leave, but before he quitted the apartment, the first kiss of love was imprinted on her unresisting lips.



## CHAPTER V.

## THE TRIAL.

FROM that moment a new era was opened in the existence of Everard Linden. His soul had changed its colour, and his fancy reflected nothing but bright and glowing images of the future. A new vista was expanded before his mental eye, and he luxuriated in its flowery prospects. His step was more buoyant, his chest more inflated, and he moved along, through the crowded streets and narrow lanes of the city, as if he was unconscious of the scene around him, and in pursuit of one, yet dimly seen verging from the distant horizon, redolent with hope and beauty.

La Rosignuola was the key which had unwound all the melody of his feelings, and he revelled in their joyous birth. His whole existence, the past,



present, and hereafter was comprehended in that word. He took lodgings between her house and the theatre. His mornings were spent in listening to the outpourings of her splendid genius, and the evenings in drinking impassioned nourishment from the heaven-born music of her voice.

The applause which was so prodigally lavished on her, and the enthusiasm she excited, that, at first, grated like discord on his ears, now lay like a flattering unction on his soul—he felt as if every sound of joy was not only in unison with his own feelings, but as if he had a fellow-partnership in her triumph.

La Rosignuola too felt that she was entering into a new world, and her spirit seemed soaring into its native heaven when in the society of her beloved. They talked of their future prospects. Linden acknowledged that he was a debtor to fortune for nothing, and that nature was his only creditor, and that his object of visiting Leipzig was for the purpose of seeking employment for his musical talents. He had never lamented his



poverty until his fate was linked with one who would be the sufferer by his fortunes.

“How can that be,” she once inquired; “my profession will be the means of insuring us at all times an income far superior to our wants, and enable us to regard the future without fear or distrust.”

“Oh! Henrietta, to what a fate have you voluntarily resigned yourself. However splendid may be your path—however far you may be above your profession—I could not brook the thought of her I called my wife appearing before the public gaze—never, never.”

“Do not think, Everard, it is an aversion to relinquish the comforts and luxuries I experience, that prompts me if I tell you, your resolution does appear to be proud and fastidious, and not of that generous character as the usual sentiments of your mind.”

“Your reasons, dearest?”

“I see, like the rest of your sex, you regard, with an eye of the utmost jealousy, any thing like



an approach of assistance from ours, whom you have taught to consider as being totally dependent on your own—nay, even in our future prospects, you will not allow me to feel the same nerve, and employ the powers which Nature has granted me for enjoyments of which I am the principal participator. We are weak, and we look upon you for protection and ultimate support, but narrow not the few privileges which Nature has allowed us to exercise.”

But the arguments of Henrietta, however, were ineffective. She soon discovered pride was the ruling principle which dictated this resolution, and, from the firmness of his manner, she saw it was useless to contend with him ; and rather than do so, or that he should think that she could not undergo hardship or privation as well as himself, she expressed her entire willingness to coincide with his plans.

“ Have you then, Henrietta, that confidence in your affections that you believe you could forego the splendour, and the glittering pageantry of your



present sphere, for the cheerless and desolate home which an individual like myself can offer you? Do you think you could step from the dazzling height to which public homage has raised you, to become the idol, the "household deity" of a single adorer, who can bring no other offerings to your shrine but that of a heart overflowing with affection?"

She made no reply, but casting on him a look so fraught with confidence and affection, that his heart disclaimed the heresy of any further distrust. It was then decided that the fortune she had already accumulated should be divided into equal shares, one of which was settled on her sisters, to be apportioned between them, and the other was, by the wishes of Linden, appropriated to the purchase of an annuity, to be paid her after his decease, in the event of that contingency ever occurring. To all these arrangements Henrietta cheerfully consented, and a report was soon circulated of her approaching marriage, together with an intention of leaving the stage.



It would require a nice calculator of human character to determine, whether surprise or chagrin was more generally manifested at this rumour; certainly, the public eye began to look on Linden in something of the light of a monopolizer, and it is equally true, that the public tongue began to be exceedingly busy in making inquiries respecting his birth, parentage, ~~and~~ education. Every one had so much to say about him, and each having a different story, that it became apparent that there was no one who know any thing about him.

We will not say whether it was personal feelings of hatred against Linden, or those of an opposite character towards his betrothed, that rendered the subject of the most engrossing importance to Lord Rainbow. Indeed, it was evident that he was even aroused from the natural apathy of his disposition, into something like mental exertion and contrivance. It will be recollected, from the conversation of the rival actresses, in a former Chapter, that the Earl did one of them the honour of professing to admire her.



As his lordship had the character of being extremely profuse towards the objects of his attention, he was too much of a prize to be lost by the wary Terzetta; and she found him no unwilling hearer of the little scandalous *on dits* respecting Henrietta and her lover, which by-the-bye were generally the fruits of her own inventive genius. By the influence of the Earl, Linden was regarded as an object of extreme suspicion by the police, and a spy set upon all his movements. In the meanwhile, his lordship, more forcibly than ever, renewed his system of attack on the Prima Donna. By heavy bribes he interested ~~the whole of her household~~ in his favour, and with the assistance of the intriguing actresses managed to secure the press and the director of the rival theatre. First, dark insinuations crept abroad respecting the lively Rosignuola, which were followed by *brochures*, and obscure jests, whose point consisted in their slander; until a party was formed against her, which, if it did not overpower the public voice, had a material influence.



Pride, which is sometimes, although for a contrary end, as powerful a stimulus in a weak mind as in one of the strongest powers, urged the Earl to the full extent of his resources. To be vanquished by an unknown and obscure individual like Linden, one who had besides already treated him, although he felt deservedly so, with insult and contempt, was more than his rankling spirit could bear, while he anticipated the splendour of the achievement, in one like the Prima Donna crowning his conquest. The whole of his feeble energies were goaded to a consummation so devoutly to be wished for.

His importunities had been at first treated with marked silence by Henrietta, and as they were always inflicted on her during the absence of Linden, he escaped with impunity. He changed his tone from the mild and suppliant adorer to the lofty and threatening claimant; he insinuated that it was in his power to crush at once the various rumours which were sullyng her fame, and turn



the channel of public adulation as fully and as deeply as ever in her favour.

To his entreaties, threats, and promises, she felt an equal contempt, and on his pressing his suit with more fervour than delicacy, she haughtily bade him quit her apartment, and directed her servants on no account whatever to admit him within her doors for the future. Here was at once a mortifying crush to the pride and vanity of the lord ; but, rendered desperate by his many rebuffs, he determined on making one more vigorous sally, and, if he did not conquer, leave the honours of the field to his more fortunate opponent.

His resolution was as soon put in practice as formed. By his tampering with Henrietta's domestics, he contrived again to gain admission into her house. She was in the same room where he had left her, yet trembling and agitated with the insult he had offered her. She felt she was defenceless and unprotected in the world ; for although she naturally looked up to Linden, yet upon an occasion like this, perhaps erroneously, she thought



that the circumstance of his interfering might give an air of reality and identity to the many slanders of which they were already the united object.

The countenance of La Rosignuola flashed with anger, and her eyes beamed with the fire of offended pride, as the object of her persecution again entered her apartment. She felt choking with irrepressible resentment, as she expressed her surprise at his intrusion, and her servants' disobedience.

"Hear me," he cried, catching her hand and falling on his knee, "divine Henrietta, I come to offer you reparation and penitence for my late conduct. Believe me, whatever follies and misconduct I have been guilty of has arisen not from want of respect or admiration for your virtues and talents, but too great, too overpowering a passion for their lovely object, &c. &c. &c." Not to follow the vehement pleader throughout the whole of his appeal, which, from its rapid delivery, Henrietta found it impossible to interrupt, he briefly recapitulated his proposals, and added, that a notary was outside the doors, waiting in his carriage,



ready with the instruments which would settle one-half of his splendid fortune on her, and that the vehicle itself was prepared for a long journey if she would consent becoming his fellow traveller, and concluded by proposing Vienna as their destination.

La Rosignuola had been constrained, by the conflict of anger and insulted virtue, and the speaker's resolute tones, to be a passive listener to his shameless proposal. She at length released her hand from his, and, quivering with the outraged feelings of offended woman, her whole frame shook with contending emotions—

“Your admission into my house must have been by means unworthy of a gentleman, therefore as such I cannot treat you. Your presence, Sir, is an insult, whose grossness is exceeded only by the daring effrontery of your proposition. Leave me, Sir, this moment. You may find that I am not so unprotected or defenceless as you may imagine, by the outrage you have inflicted on me.”

Desperate with the repulse he had experienced



—raging with the violence of his untempered passions, he rushed towards, and attempted to embrace her.

“Nay, you pretty coquette, you must and shall be mine.” Henrietta shrieked aloud, and called for assistance; but her servants had been too well tutored, and therefore laboured at the moment under an attack of deafness. She shrieked again, but Rainbow had succeeded in clasping her in his arms, and, at that moment, she heard the outer gate burst open, and in less than another, Linden, boiling with rage at the insult he saw thrown on his beloved, had entered the room.

His first impulse was to seize the degenerate noble by the collar, and thrust him from the room; his next was to lead him to the head of the staircase, and there he intended reminding him of his honour in the most energetic and unequivocal way his irritated feelings would prompt. However, the stairs were filled by a retinue of the Earl’s servants, who rescued their discomfited master from the grasp of the enraged and desperate Linden.



On his return to her apartments, he found Rosignuola had fainted with the excitement of her feelings, and not until he had restored her to animation did she tenderly thank him as her deliverer and protector.

“Oh! why should I be for a moment from your side—why not always ready to guard you, and shield you from insults which could never light so undeservedly?”

“Everard, I know not the reason, if your own breast cannot tell you,” and she blushed, and timidly gazed on him with her downcast eyes.

“Let me then but call thee mine, and vengeance on him who utters a calumnious word, or dares even to gaze too rudely.” She spoke not, but her silence was more eloquent than the most graceful periods which ever fell from the orator’s lips. It cannot be denied that Linden had a most favourable opportunity at this moment of fixing every preliminary which one would suppose would be the first impulse of a warm and impassioned lover. It is, however, equally undeniable, that he



appeared insensible of his vantage ground, or wanted the courage or inclination to carry off the garland. She seemed surprised, and wondered at his apparent indifference, and a pause succeeded of a painful duration.

At length she imagined that it might be the circumstance of the uncertainty of his prospects, which was the reason of his wishing to defer their union until some more propitious opportunity. Warring between the doubt of his imagining her to be in the remotest degree influenced by worldly motives, and yet shrinking with the fear of the indelicacy of proposing herself, her thoughts were too varied to shape themselves into intelligible language. She at last tenderly expressed her hope, that the reason she suspected was the only obstacle towards the consummation of those wishes which they had both so ardently expressed.

She continued—that she would gladly resign her engagement, which was now becoming quite irksome to her, for the unpleasantness and frequent insults, of which her public displays had made her the invo-



luntary object, were becoming both painful and insupportable. She said it had been the fondest wish of her heart to live in retirement, where her own feelings might be concentrated towards one object alone.

The glow of passion had given her courage to express more than she had intended, although still less than what she felt, yet she thought she had gone too far, and a deep blush overspread her features, as her downcast eye beamed with the fervour of her sincerity.

He advanced nearer to her on the couch they were sitting, and she leant endearingly towards him in expectation of his reply. He changed colour, and seemed labouring under some overpowering excitement, which bound his senses in the chains of silence and insensibility.

“ Mr. Linden, for God’s sake speak—you look faint, you are ill,” and her bosom spontaneously caught his sinking head. “ Everard, my love, speak to me—look at me—that terrible whiteness of



your lips shocks and affrights me—your eyes roll wildly?”

“Henrietta, I am a wretch—I am undeserving of you—nay, press me not to your bosom—avoid me as you would a serpent.”

“Everard, you talk madly—you know not my heart, if you believe that every impulse and thrill which it owns rises not for you. Come, lay your hand on my bosom, and calm that distempered mind.”

“It is madness to indulge—it is death to both of us to hope. Forget, dearest, the first moment you beheld me—obliterate from your mind every recollection of the unfortunate being who clasps you to his breast. Pity—forgive me—you must have happiness, for no action of your life has ever forfeited it.”

The commencement of Linden's address had a wildness of manner and utterance, that urged Rosignuola to believe that he had acted under a delirious excitement caused by the insult he saw



cast on her by the Earl ; the conclusion had, however, settled into a calm and cold collectiveness.

Instinctively her pure feelings recoiled from him, and she sprung from his embrace, and, pale with terror, she uttered—"Then, Linden, if you have deceived me, there is not truth beneath the skies." She gazed while she spoke with a soul-searching eye, and a varying countenance—she stopped, and the crimson of her cheeks settled into one red and burning spot in the centre. Her lips whitened with the excess of her feelings, till they were relieved by a flood of tears.

"Miserable wretch, why was I born, to probe with misery the kindest of bosoms." He paused, and knelt by her side, and took her cold and unresisting hand, which returned not the pressure ; she seemed white and motionless as her own marble effigy.

"Speak, Mr. Linden, your silence is worse than the most fatal disclosure. It is the torture which the criminal feels, while life and death are hanging from his judge's breath."



"I see already I have become an object, Henrietta, of aversion and contempt, or why would you avert your head from me? I am indeed unworthy of you—I have deceived—cruelly, wantonly deceived you." She trembled, but, by a great effort, feebly pronounced—

"Proceed—let me know the worst. But think not I have done it with impunity—here was the blessing, clasping her hand to his heart, and here is the curse."

"I loved as none others have loved, with one deep and consuming passion, which carried every warning of reason and honour into its absorbing abyss. Nay, tremble not at the disclosure—I drank poison from your sighs, and communicated it to you in return, when a dreadful and irrevocable obstacle haunted me like a malignant spirit, and ever upreared its ghastly form, whenever I anticipated our wished-for union."

"I am calm—I am calm—I will hear all," murmured his auditor in broken accents.

"You cannot—I shall stun you—I shall over-



whelm you—day after day mine eyes feasted on your sight, and my ears drank of your melody, while the spectre, Despair, dashed it from my lips whenever I anticipated the cup our fancies had been mingling for our future happiness. Henrietta, how shall I utter the truth? I am not what you took me to be.”

“Thank Heaven, I know it all—though you have signed my death warrant.” She gasped for breath. “You are better—you are worse than I expected—you are already MARRIED!”

“No, no, Henrietta, bad as I may be, I am not so vile a wretch.”

She shrieked with wild joy. “Then I thank God,” gurgled from her throat; she clasped him wildly to her breast, covered him with kisses, and drooped exhausted in his arms in a swoon.

He raised her like a drooping lily, and a terror went into his soul as he saw the havoc that his communication had made. He sprinkled some water on her forehead, and presently the tears rushed as



it were from the fountains of her heart in a stream from her eyes. She recovered, and fixed her gaze mournfully upon her lover, who remained kneeling at her side.

“Your head is damp, my love,” as she twined her fingers in his raven locks. “It is with despair? Your hands are cold, as if locked in a sepulchre, rather than in the clasp of the fond girl who yet adores you.”

Once more he was at her side—once more their hearts beat in unison together; the warm flush of returning passion glowed in their cheeks, and the flood of rapture mounted into their breasts—both forgot the terror of the moment. They knew not—they could account not for the richness of their feelings, and thoughts too big for utterance laboured for expression.

The terrible disclosure was yet hanging from his lips, but he seemed dead to the sense of its upbraidings, or fearful of even dissipating by a whisper the charm which had spread its melancholy colouring around their feelings.



Roused by a sense of honour, he disengaged her form, yet quivering with the fluctuation of her emotion, from his breast, and by his manner seemed to recall the subject which had paralyzed her.

“Can you forgive me, and I will tell you all?”

Her eyes expressed assent.

“Henrietta, I have wooed you, and I have won you, as the poor unfriended musician, subsisting on the precarious exercise of his talents. You have been deceived, and have become the victim of your too reposing confidence. I am better—I am worse, in many senses, than I seem. Saxony holds not but one who is superior in rank to myself. My father wields a sceptre. But you falter—you change colour—be not deceived. My rank, so far from conferring on me free will, and the power of asserting my independence on that subject, in which the interference of any man is more insufferable than in any other of human action—marriage—renders me the slave to the commands of others—the tool for designing purposes, in which I am personally uninterested, but from whose thralldom I



dare not rebel. I will not explain now my reasons for travelling incog. My name must be apparent—I am the Prince Linden Von Esslinburg.”

During this address the emotion of Rosignuola cannot be rendered by description; the imagination of those who have loved, and those who have felt what it is to be wronged by those beloved, can alone enter into her feelings.

She flung herself on her knees before him.

“Linden—your highness I would say—I feel I know all. Hope now is vain. Our parting is immediate, and is eternal. I might indeed as well love one ‘bright particular star’ as the glorious intellectual being, though obscure and poor, who called himself *my* Linden; but when he comes, elevated with majesty, my heart must shake off its allegiance to him it called my love, when he claims it as my sovereign. Humble as I was—degraded as a public favourite—how dared I to anticipate you as mine, even as what I imagined you? But I was unprotected, friendless, and defenceless; you alone treated me, not as an object of personal adulation,



but made me imagine myself born for higher and nobler objects. You called into life thousands of new and beautiful feelings in my breast—you ‘blasted me with excess of life!’ It was vain—it was weak and foolish in my raising my hopes so high. I will cast them as serpents from my heart, where they have twined too closely; but deprive me not of your sight; rather let me be your servant—your slave!” and she clasped his knees in the paroxysm of despair.

The sight of such yielding affection—the dread of losing her for ever, and the hopeless chance of obtaining her by honourable means, all conspired against his better feelings. He raised her up, and drew her to his bosom; and, as her drooping form reclined against his, he whispered, tremblingly and hurriedly, for he was no adept in seduction, and his cheeks burned with crimson, as if an evil demon was hissing in his ear, while his voice seemed smothered with the object it had to communicate.



“Neither my slave nor my servant, Henrietta. The vast distance in our mutual rank in life has placed an impassable barrier between a legal union, but cannot we remain united in the holy communion of affection? You shall be the partner of my home, my feelings, and my fortune, as freely and as independently as if the highest synods had authorised our union.”

The truth struck its deadly fangs into her soul, but the venom fled from its pure surface, as the night-damp that weighs on the flower melts at the first virgin beam of the sun. A rush of overwhelming feelings crowded to her breast—she could not weep, but she gave one piercing shriek, and started from his arms, dissolved in tears, which seemed to rend her breast while she parted with them.

“Desertion—cruelty—I could have borne, for my foolish presumption deserved it—but not this disregard of decency; leave me, Sir—and for ever—your presence adds only insult to agony.”



She gave one look of reproach, which run through his heart, and ere he could recover from the stupefaction, which the violence of her manner had thrown him into, he found himself alone, humiliated, and confounded at his own criminality.



## CHAPTER VI.

## THE MESSAGE.

By the kind attention of his domestics, the news of Lord Rainbow's precipitate exit from the residence of La Rosignuola, soon became the prevailing topic of Leipzig, and afforded the most delicious *morceaux* for all the scandal mongers and oddity hunters of that capital. The affair was in every body's mouth—the newspapers slyly hinted at noble Giovannis and passionate Lindens—and doggrels, caricatures, and pasquinades, all kept alive the unlucky story, until Rainbow found that he was becoming an object of universal derision and contempt, without he took decisive measures to turn the stream in his favour.

Maddened at the complete defeat of his attack on the better principles of the Prima Donna, which



was the more galling, as he had with his usual modesty circulated the history of his triumph before he made the assault; and irritated at seeing an unknown and obscure individual like his rival carrying off the prize before his eyes, he wanted not the stimulus of the degradation, which Linden had so properly bestowed on him, to kindle up every feeling of hatred and revenge in his breast.

His first impulse of mortified passion was to leave the city where he had been so unceremoniously handled, and whose laughing-stock he knew he was likely to become as long as he continued there. But, however, two powerful motives, disagreeable as the sojourn would become, compelled him to brave through every mortification and exposure; the first was founded on political causes, which rendered his stay in the city a matter of undeniable importance, and which, should he leave precipitately, would render a narrow inquiry into his object for so doing absolutely necessary; and what was more powerful still, he felt, great as the regard he had for his own person, he had the character of



his nation to uphold ; and little as he cared what the good folks of Leipzig might say or think about him personally, he dreaded their sarcasm on him as an Englishman, and the light in which he would consequently appear to his countrymen.

Such were the subjects of his cogitations ; a few mornings after the disaster had taken place, during which time he had very prudently found it necessary to be severely indisposed, and, of course, to keep within doors, and to deny himself to all the affectionate inquirers whom curiosity or malice might bring to his residence.

He was, however, determined on this morning to brave the worst, and directed his servant to open the doors, to admit every body who had the privilege of *entre*. The Abbé was one of the first who availed himself of this permission, and soon this “ d—d good-natured friend ” not only reported to Rainbow all the current reports that were flying about at the noble Lord’s expense, but drew a very heavy draft on his imagination in embellishments and additions.



"So, so, my Lord, you have kept up your character at Leipzig as a desperate *roué*—beg pardon—you will excuse my freedom—the privilege of a sincere friend I am sure you will confer on me. If people did not know what was said behind their backs, why we should not know whether we stood on our head or our heels. Really, a most unlucky *denouement*—ah—ah—quite ludicrous—*morbleu*—hem—hem—I am afraid, my Lord, I have been misinformed as to some of the particulars." Perceiving that the looks of the Earl were becoming very inflamed, and that he walked about the room in a very agitated manner, he made a stop—"But, my dear Lord, I, as one of your own poets says, who is as familiar in Germany as he is in his native clime—

"Know not how the truth may be,  
But tell the tale as told to me."

"In the name of every saint, good, bad, or indifferent, what stories have you heard in which I am concerned?"

"Oh! really, my dear Sir, you are giving me



credit for a much better memory than I ever possessed—were I to recount to you all the tales that are flying about the city, in which you figure as the hero—it would be, I am sure, too great a tax on your lordship's patience to relate the full particulars of *even one* of them."

The eye of my Lord Rainbow flashed fire at the sly and under-tone in which the concluding words of the divine were whispered, he reddened, and attempted to be jocular.

"No, indeed! I should not find it so, this is not the first city"—

"In which your achievements in gallantry have afforded the only topic for conversation while you resided there, for all the individuals who inhabit it"—adroitly continued the Abbé, endeavouring, by a gentle application, to what was notorious to all the world—the Earl's self love—to sear the wound he had inflicted on his vanity, and he succeeded, for a smile involuntarily played on the lips of his hearer, who pulled up his shirt collar as he turned round towards the mirror, and his wonted



expression of complacency assumed its customary station on his countenance.

“ Well, my dear Abbé, you see I am perfectly indifferent to what the world thinks of me, and particularly you know in these matters.”

“ C’est l’amour, l’amour, l’amour,”

sung the divine, as he skipped about the room, endeavouring to twist his fat little person into an opera attitude.

“ But (here a very desperate attempt at a laugh) you must let me know what the good folks of Leipzig have been talking about during my indisposition.”

“ Your indisposition—your indisposition—oh ! very good—hah—hah—capital—your lordship has me there.” Again the Earl looked fiercely. The Abbé endeavoured to stammer an apology, by letting out the exact opinions which the citizens had of the nature of the Earl’s complaint.

“ Why, my lord, the fact is—that is to say, the story goes—that a certain distinguished and lovely



vocalist (I never mention names—wouldn't for the world commit myself or any one else), enjoying the very zenith of public patronage (I hate being too particular), was admired by a highly-distinguished and accomplished foreign nobleman, no less celebrated for his diplomatic talent than the success of his arrangements with the other sex, and who arrived at Leipzig almost simultaneously (I avoid all approaches to identity) with the lovely object of his admiration."

"However irresistible it is said that the noble Earl—hem—had been in his former campaign, it is currently reported that he did not make the strong impression on the Prima Donna, as the invariable event of his conquests might have led him to expect. To be brief, my Lord, it is said, that the gallant cavalier, burning with love and chivalry, and like a knight of the olden times, determined, if he could not gain the lady with her consent, to seize her *nolens volens*, and towards the consummation of this purpose he was engaged, when suddenly he was interrupted. But I per-



ceive your lordship looks agitated—a sudden return of your disorder I presume”——

“Don it, Sir, what do you mean by that? Go on, Sir, I am deeply interested—that is, I am perfectly indifferent to your narrative.”

“By the entrance of an individual, who shall also be nameless, who, according to public rumour, had found grace in the lady’s eyes, and just at the moment as the—I beg pardon—as the first individual had seized the object of his admiration, with the intention of placing her in his carriage, having bribed the whole of her servants, and having a host of his own at the door to assist him in carrying his plot into execution, he stepped forward, that is, the favoured lover,”—Rainbow gnawed his lip, and endeavoured to hide his vexation—“and crying—‘infamous libertine! take the reward of your outrage,’ collared him, dragged him to the landing-place, and threw him out of the stair-case window into the stable-yard.”

“It is false! it is an abominable tissue of lies!” shouted Rainbow in exasperated fury.



"I believe so too, my Lord, for the most popular version of the story is, that he only pulled the nose of the aspirant, and then kicked him down stairs!"

This happy attempt at softening down the harsh outlines of his description, we need not say had a totally opposite effect. Rainbow stamped on the floor, gnashed his teeth, clinched his fist, swore that he would exterminate the whole of the Lindens from the face of the earth, if such a beggarly race could be discovered, and uttered a solemn anathema, that he would shoot every individual who had dared to mix his name up in the affair.

"Rather a troublesome office you have conferred on yourself; there is not a man, woman, or child, in, or ten miles out of Leipzig, but what has got the whole story by heart, as I just told you, with the only alteration of making your lordship the hero of it."

"Death and fury! Sir, do you mean to insult me in my own house," shouted the Earl, seizing a poker, and springing towards the clergyman, who, making an *entrechat*, which would have done no



discredit to Albert, lodged himself behind a full-length cast of the Apollo which stood in one of the corners of the room, over whose shoulder his bald head, with its chubby face perspiring with fright, presented itself; opposite which, in an attitude of vengeance, stood the infuriated Earl, with his weapon uplifted, as if only pausing, that he might decide between the relative worth of the plaister-head of the statue and the empty cranium of the parson.

At this moment the door was thrown open, and immediately entered the Counsellor, the Baron, two or three military officers, and the Editor of the Gazette, who, with mixed feelings of wonder and mirth, beheld the extraordinary positions the Earl and the divine had chosen for their *tête-à-tête*.

Upon the former replacing the poker in its customary situation, the Abbé descended from his rostrum, and in his appeal to the newly arrived guests, as to the fact of the reports being circulated, made apparent the cause of the Earl's resentment.



The Baron smoked away most unconsciously, but the Counsellor gave his word that the Abbé had not said a word more beyond the truth, save what he was in the habit of doing, in his way of garnishing and giving a *piquant* effect.

“To satisfy you, my Lord, on which (pulling from his pocket a newspaper), I will give you an idea how much the public are interested in the event in which it seems you cut so conspicuous, though so unwilling a figure.

“Scan Mag.—A highly celebrated foreign nobleman, who has lately arrived in this city, and who has hitherto rendered himself more notorious by his achievements in gallantry, than by his scientific researches, has, it is currently reported, in the course of his visits to the apartments of a celebrated songstress, discovered an extraordinary and rapid method of getting from the top of the stairs to the bottom. We are also given to understand, that the labours of this discovery has caused his lordship to keep his room ever since, and that he



intends immediately leaving this country, doubtless for the purpose of benefiting other nations with his enviable acquirement.’”

The Earl could not conceal his irritation, which growled within him for want of vent. He at last, with an appearance of assumed frankness, assured his visitors that the story had some slight foundation, but was in all respects greatly exaggerated, and protested most strongly that the insult had never been passed as supposed, although he did not go to the extent of admitting how near it had taken place. He, however, acknowledged that he had been treated in a disrespectful manner by Linden, who, he artfully insinuated, was enraged at finding him alone in the society of Rosignuola, at a moment when there might be *some* foundation, or some excuse for the violence of his jealousy.

“However, my dear friends, I am most happy in seeing you here, for your advice will, I dare say, relieve me from the awkward dilemma I am placed in. The truth is, it will be conferring too great an honour on an insignificant and unknown fellow like



this Linden, for a nobleman to put himself on a level with him, by cutting his throat, or blowing his brains out in a gentlemanly style; but really, to put a stop to the idle rumours which are flying about, I know of no other alternative than in submitting to the mortification—what say you, gentlemen?"

All gave it as their opinion, that Earl Rainbow owed it to his rank and character in calling the aggressor out, adding, by way of consolation, that the humiliation would not be so great as his lordship feared; that the address of Linden, although somewhat *brusque* and impetuous, was undoubtedly that of a finished gentleman, and, especially, as it was reported he came from Halle, there could be no doubt of his being both a first-rate swordsman, and an excellent shot—duelling being the fashionable amusement of that university.

Notwithstanding the Earl would not have felt his dignity much lessened, even had his rival been deficient of these accomplishments, he felt there was no way of extricating himself, but by immediately



calling Linden out, and Lieutenant Steinfort was accordingly despatched with a message to our hero.

Whatever might have been the conduct of the Prince, during the scene where we last left him, we will not do him the injustice of supposing that it was either planned or premeditated. Aware from the first of the insuperable obstacles which would prevent their union, the violence of his attachment shut them for a time from his contemplation ; the progress of his passion was like that of a traveller, who hurries along through a succession of wild and beautiful scenery, unreflecting of the danger of his road, until he startles back at finding himself on the brink of a precipice, into whose abyss he has nearly plunged. At once flashed the hopelessness of his passion upon Linden's imagination, and he recoiled from the dreary view, and wondered at the magical delusion which had concealed the fearful truth from him until that moment.

Without the most forlorn hope of ever obtaining the consent of his family to a union, which, as regarded the rank of Henrietta, was so much beneath



him—goaded by the impulses of a devouring passion—and tempted by the yielding affection and unhesitating confidence of its object, he made a proposal, which, in his cooler moments, he would have given up his state never to have uttered.

In vain did he send billets upon billets to Rosignuola, begging an explanation, and assuring her of his contrition, and his resolution of immediately applying to his father for his consent to their union, and, in the event of his refusal, of relinquishing all the advantages of his birth, and of retiring into a distant province, and assuming the character of a private gentleman. Every one of his letters she sent back unanswered, with the exception of one cold and distant note, asking, as the only recompense he could offer for the injury he had inflicted on her, that he would abstain from writing or calling on her ever again. He indeed made a desperate attempt to see her, by means of a heavy bribe to her domestics, but his effort was unsuccessful, the servants having been changed by the direction of an aged citizen, who felt an interest for



Henrietta, and to whom, in cases of difficulty, she was in the habit of applying for advice and counsel.

The strong excitement of Linden became exhausted with his repeated disappointments, and he sank into a gloomy and morbid melancholy, that was heightened by keeping within his apartment, which he found necessary to do, in consequence of the curiosity his appearance abroad had excited on the only occasion of his leaving home since the occurrence of the unfortunate crisis of his hopes.

He had sunk into a gloomy state of despair, without feeling or caring for existence—with no object on which his mind could dwell upon with satisfaction, but what was tinged with the shadowy colouring of his feelings—when his confidential servant approached him, with the information that an officer was below, Lieutenant Steinfort, who had insisted on his name being sent up stairs, in spite of the assurances that were given him of Linden's indisposition, saying that his business was of immediate and of *undeniable* importance.

The object of this visit at once flashed to the



mind of Linden, and he felt as if a load was taken from his breast at the belief. He had now an opportunity of facing, and of punishing, him whom he could not but regard as the sole cause of his unfortunate misunderstanding with Rosignuola, as undoubtedly the decisive events which had occurred would not have taken place, had they not been quickened by the Earl's insulting intrusion.

“Desire the gentleman to walk up stairs!”

Lieutenant Steinfort entered, in his full regimentals, and, with a most gentlemanly inclination of his head, delivered a note to Linden.

“Lieutenant, I am truly grateful for the honour of this visit—nothing can be more opportune to my feelings than in complying with the wishes so obligingly communicated by my Lord Rainbow; the time and place I will leave entirely at your disposal—the shorter and the nearer they are will be the more acceptable.”

The Lieutenant here good-naturedly offered to propose the site of their meeting on the angle of a forest, on an adjacent plain, between the rivers



Saale and Mulda, and the time, day-break on the following morning—a proposition which was most agreeably consented to by Linden. The Lieutenant then offered to him his snuff box, and after the discussion of a few indifferent topics, he arose and took his leave, excusing a longer stay, by owning that he was engaged with the Earl for a few hours' practice, both at the target and with the foils, in order that the Earl might "come out well" on the following morning.

Linden was agitated, and continued pacing the floor of his apartment with rapid strides, but not with any apprehension of danger or alarm; he thought not as one would naturally suppose he would have done, which way the contest would end, but he was elevated by so powerful an excitement, and seemed, in the contemplation of the action in which he was to take so conspicuous a share, to relieve his mind from the heavy accumulation of painful images which had so long been gathering there.



He was, however, called to a proper sense of his critical situation by remembering that he must avail himself of the assistance of a friend on the momentous occasion, and being unknown, or rather fearing of being discovered, he experienced considerable awkwardness in applying to any one. He at last determined on writing to the Baron, who, in spite of his somnolent habits, had occasionally exhibited, when he suffered any others than those from his pipe to escape, sparks of gentlemanly feeling. He briefly mentioned his being a stranger in Leipzig, and of his having fallen into a misunderstanding with an individual of distinguished character; there was no other way of settling it but by the usual arbitrators on those occasions, and ended by calling on the Baron to afford him that assistance which one gentleman expected from another on those occasions, &c.

The note was answered by the arrival of the Baron and his pipe, and he immediately advanced to our hero, and shook him cordially by the hand,



assuring him, brief as their acquaintance was, he felt most happy in assisting so fine and so gentlemanly a fellow.

Nor was the joy of the Baron assumed; he loved a meeting as his life, whether he was concerned in it as a principal, or merely in a secondary character, and he entered with great spirit into the various arrangements, examined the point of Linden's sword, and, as Linden had waved the choice of weapons, insisted upon his availing himself of his pistols, which, from the service they had seen on these occasions, he pronounced might be unhesitatingly relied on.

It was really wonderful to perceive the animation which this event had infused into the usual torpid frame of Von Puffendorff. He talked, and told grim jokes "of the dangers he had undergone," while he quaffed his Rhenish—although, if the truth must be told, Linden could not find himself much disposed to listen to them, as he was busily engaged in writing letters to his father, and also one to Henrietta.



The associations which both these dear beings called to his mind, cast a gloom over his feelings, from which he found it impossible to disunite them. The Baron, perceiving the young man rather desponding, very naturally mistook the cause for apprehension of the issue of the morning's encounter, and by way of keeping up his spirits enumerated all the duels in which he had been in any way connected, from his maiden flourish with a fellow-student at Gottingen, to a recent encounter with a Hanoverian nobleman.

The hour at last, to Linden's great relief, arrived, when it was absolutely necessary, in order, as Puffendorff said, that Linden might preserve the steadiness of his hand, that he should retire for an hour or two of rest, and, after giving the Prince's hand a cordial gripe, he left him, promising him that his *calèche* should be at the door exactly an hour before day-break.

Linden was now alone : the letters to the author of his existence, and the beloved of his soul, were lying on his desk, directed and sealed with black.



The lamps had been neglected to be trimmed during the recounting of the Baron's tedious adventures, and they cast an equivocal light round the apartment. Suddenly the deep-toned bell of the cathedral, as it told the "witching hour" of midnight, broke the solemn stillness around. The reverberations went with a dismal force into Linden's breast. The last time he had heard them, with similar intense feelings, was when they tolled at his mother's funeral, who was buried in the vault of their family, in the ancient cemetery of the city. Did they speak like the thunder of approaching eternity, or as the warning of the past? He knew not; but his soul was overwhelmed, and, kissing the letters he had written—"Perhaps I may never clasp either of you again in my arms;" he knelt—and there, in the privacy of his own thoughts, and the outpourings of his heart, we will leave him, and but imagine how he spent the remainder of the evening.



## CHAPTER VII.

## THE SURPRISE.

AT the appointed hour Linden heard a carriage rumbling along the distant pavement ; he then rung for his valet, and acquainted him that he was going out of town with the Baron, and that he might not return for a few days. How his heart fluttered at the presumption of his fixing the extent of his absence ! He told him, in the case of his not returning in the course of three hours from his departure, to carry the packet lying on his desk to the —— *Charge d'Affaires* ; but strictly charged him to wait full that time.

This packet contained the letters to Henrietta and his father, with an earnest request that they might be immediately forwarded to their respective destinations.



In five minutes afterwards he found himself in the Baron's *calèche*, driving towards the forest. There was none of the inhabitants, as it may be supposed, in the street, which were as silent and as echoless as a city of the dead, but for the hymn of the watchman, whose wild melody spread a mysterious feeling in the breast as it ascended towards the skies. Linden looked back towards the city, dimly perceptible in the vague twilight of the past evening and the coming day, and he thought that the indefinite period of time was like his own existence, which seemed fluctuating in the chaos of the past and the future.

There was, however, one spot in which all the fond feelings of his heart, those of paternal love alone excepted, were concentrated. His sight was mechanically stretched towards it, but before it had reached his vision, he placed his hand before his eyes, and faintly murmured—"God bless her."

We must, however, take a view of the lovely Henrietta, since her voluntary renouncement of him whom she had considered as her betrothed. She



had forfeited her engagement at the theatre, shunned all society, and kept within the solitary confines of her chamber. Grief—slow, settled grief was devouring her. All her hopes were crushed by the very height at which she saw their object was placed; and a dull melancholy arrested the course of her blood, and rendered her feeble, nerveless, and careless of existence.

She had sent back letter after letter, as has been shown before, of Linden's, and great was the mastery she was obliged to exercise over her feelings in undergoing these voluntary denials<sup>d</sup>; but after a few days had elapsed, and not hearing any thing whatever of him, the yielding softness of her nature seemed to upbraid, while it applauded her firmness. She felt deeply injured by the being she loved; but she could not help, from the overflowing of her own heart, making allowance for the violence of his affection, and she began to wish that she had allowed him an opportunity of offering his penitence.

Such was the altered state of her feelings, when, rising from her bed after a sleepless night, a letter



was put into her hands, sealed with black—it was Linden's hand-writing. She gazed on it with fearful intensity : some dreadful presentiment filled her mind, that there was something in it which would confirm the very worst of those fears she entertained for the writer. She felt as if some invisible power held back her hand when she attempted to break the seal, but which she at last succeeded in. The letter was the one which Linden had left with his valet, the time having expired since his departure, which he had limited.

“ For the last time I have addressed you, too dear Henrietta ; be not offended ; before this has reached you, the hand of the writer will be cold and nerveless. That I have loved you dearly, madly, while living, is my boast while in the contemplation of death, and the only feeling of sadness that crosses my mind is, that I should have lived so long as to have wounded the bosom for whose happiness I would have risked every hope and charm which bound me to existence. One thought alone



bears me up, that, if I fall, I die in the cause of her whom I swore in my heart to protect, and that the misery which I caused her has met with more than ample retribution.

“ Blot for ever from your recollection all remembrance of such an unfortunate wretch as him, who, ere this meets you, lives but in memory—forget the passionate hours we have spent together—when I drank delicious life from your sighs. Continue in your virtuous career—be happy—be virtuous, is the dying wish of him who was in life, and is now in death,

“ Thine,

“ LINDEN.”

Enclosed was an instrument which conferred on Henrietta the whole of Linden's property which was not hereditary.

How the poor girl found nerve to go through this harrowing epistle, she herself wondered at afterwards. She felt not as if she could weep—nor stunned; but a sickness, a deadly sickness of



the soul seized her, and ere she could call for assistance fell headlong on the floor.

When she recovered she found barely sufficient presence of mind to send messengers immediately to Linden's residence, not doubting but that he had destroyed himself in the desperation of his feelings. They, however, returned with all the particulars the valet could give them, with some further information he had learned from the communicative Abbé respecting the duel. The truth now flashed on her, although not so dreadful as she had every reason to believe, yet kept her on the most agonizing rack of torture, until the news of his death was confirmed by stronger evidence than his absence, fatal and expressive as it appeared to be.

We will now overtake Linden in his journey.

The morning had far advanced, for, from the almost impassable state of the road, their progress was very slow, before the dark forest, rising like an enormous pall, was visible at the extent of the prospect. Linden could count, by ear alone, the



pulsations of his heart, at the near approach of this which was to be, perhaps, the last scene of his life's poor drama;—but let not his trepidation be mistaken for fear. It is not a contempt of death which constitutes courage; he alone who clings tenaciously to life, and has an acute feeling of the awful change of his destiny, and yet can face the grim tyrant, although he shudders at the contemplation, is truly a brave man.

But Linden neither found time nor inclination to analyze his feelings, for in a very few seconds a carriage approached, in the same direction as their own, and almost at the same moment both parties entered into the field of action. The Earl was enveloped in a pelisse richly trimmed with furs, and the Lieutenant was well protected by his cloak, for a thick fog had exhaled from the neighbouring river, and rendered the air humid, and struck a penetrating chill into them all.

A distant bow of recognition took place between the parties. The Earl made his obeisance with a haughty and condescending air, which was hardly



noticed by Linden. The seconds retired ; and the surgeon, who had accompanied the Earl, remained a mute spectator in his carriage. No attempt was made by the gentlemen who acted in the accessory character to accommodate the difference between the parties. From the exasperated feeling that existed between them they knew it was hopeless to effect a reconciliation.

The Baron and Lieutenant having communicated with their principals, as to their weapons, pistols were agreed upon as the final umpires of their dispute. The ground was measured—the handkerchief dropped—both fired—the smoke dissipated—but each was standing in the same attitude.

The Lieutenant now stepped between, and proposed to the Baron, that, if Linden would make an apology for his insulting conduct, the Earl was willing to receive it. Linden uttered an exclamation nearly approaching, if it was not a decided oath, swearing that he never would apologise for performing what he considered was the duty of



every one who called himself a man—the protection of woman from insult, and required nothing less than an apology from the Earl as the price of their reconciliation.

“Then, gentlemen, as I perceive it is impossible we can decide your differences, take your own course,” said the Lieutenant, and he and the Baron retreated a few steps backward. The pistols were again primed, and in less than a minute discharged; the only effect, however, was, that the ball of Linden carried away the favourite curl of the Earl, while that of his antagonist whizzed through the hollow of his hat.

Both parties now became furious, and throwing down their pistols, drew their swords, and commenced a fierce and equally sustained combat. In the heat of their engagement, they were surprised by the tramp of horses, and before they could look round, to discover from whence they approached, were surrounded by a body of armed men, who they at once recognised as a picquet of the royal guards.



“ Treason !” exclaimed different voices of the soldiery.

“ Secure your prisoners,” rejoined the commanding officer.

“ By whose authority dare you intrude yourself on the private affairs of a gentleman ?” haughtily demanded the Earl.

“ My authority, Sir, is my commission, and my warrant this order—

“ Captain Frederick Von Lichenstein,

“ You will immediately proceed to the borders of the forest, on the plain between the Rivers of Saale and Mulda, and take into your custody, and safely produce before us, at your peril, the Right Honourable the Earl of Rainbow of England, the Baron August Von Puffendorff, and Lieutenant Wilhelm Steinfort, of the 5th grand division, for aiding, conspiring, and abetting against the life of Prince Christian Ernest Linden Von Esslinburg, and also the body of the said Prince Christian, &c. &c. and for such be this your warrant. Given at the Castle, &c. &c. &c.’”



As Linden stepped forward, frantic with the unexpected interruption, to demand a parley with the officer, the party on the ground uncovered, and the picquet lowered their firelocks, but he was immediately given to understand that he must consider himself (with his companions) under arrest, and only free from personal restraint under an implied parole of honour. The whole party were safely convoyed to the guard-house ; but every demonstration of respect was paid to the prisoners.

It is but justice to Rainbow's, as well as Linden's friends, to avow that none of them had any anticipation of the unexpected termination of this contest. It came to the ears of the state through those channels which a skilful and well directed police can at all times command. Linden, by the hour of the day, began to feel apprehensive that the time he limited for the retaining of the letters would expire, and that they would reach their destination before he could prevent them, and earnestly requested the commanding officer to despatch one of the cohort to the ambassador's house,



in order to prevent such an unfortunate occurrence ; but difficult as this boon was to refuse, from the number of his prisoners, and his slender guard, the captain felt he would not be justified in diminishing his force in the slightest degree.

From the severity of the military discipline introduced by the renowned King of Prussia, Linden knew it was useless to attempt any relaxation of the officer's stern duty, and he remained in the most agonising fear of the letters being sent before he reached the guard-house. Upon his arrival there he was informed, that on his appearing before the officer of the day he would be considered as liberated; Linden bowed acknowledgment of his gentlemanly treatment, and urged his influence in procuring the freedom of his fellow prisoners, but in which he was unsuccessful, until further orders had arrived respecting them.

With one overpowering wish to prevent the shocking alarm to Henrietta, which the delivery of his letter would occasion, he immediately sent a messenger to the ambassador, requesting him to withhold



the packet until he had received further directions, and also a message to her in case it had already gone. He then, in order that he might pursue the most instantaneous and decisive steps, entered the state room of the guard-house for the purpose of his immediate liberation, reserving for another opportunity the liberty of inquiring into the legality of the arrest.

“My father!” was his first exclamation as he entered the room, for it was his father, the Grand Duke of Esslinburg, who met his astonished gaze. He threw himself on his knees, and expressed his filial joy and submission, and immediately afterwards continued—

“Forgive me, your highness, my seeming precipitancy in hurrying from your presence, on affairs of the most vital importance—nay—my own honour—and what is as dear, the life of another is at stake.”

“My son, be not agitated, Henrietta knows already of your safe arrival. I, myself, thinking from the letter sent to me, that a similar one might



have reached her, called on her, and acquainted her of your safety."

"Henrietta—called on her! your highness bewilders and confounds me."

The Duke smiled—"When you have learned to put more confidence in those who, much as they love your rank and consideration in the world, yet love your happiness and welfare better, you will be neither bewildered nor confounded my dear boy."

"Oh! my father, this is too kind, too benevolent!" as he clasped his parent's knees in the excess of his emotions. When he had recovered his self-composure, the Duke briefly informed him that he had heard from the first, from observations made by individuals, purposely employed by him, of all his movements since his leaving the university, and particularly of his extraordinary fascination. He went on to say, that he did not take immediate steps to prevent its growth, until the report was spread of his intended marriage, and that he then hastened to Leipzig for the purpose of having it



confirmed or denied by Linden himself. That affairs, which involved the most vital interest of his state, compelled him to visit at Vienna, where he was detained longer than he anticipated, and that when he had arrived, which was only the midnight preceding, he was made acquainted with the critical situation of his son. He acknowledged that no consideration would have ever, in his belief, induced him to have consented to a union so greatly disproportionate, but the overwhelming affection it appeared that his son had entertained, and the beautiful and spotless character of Rosignuola, who he had seen, and felt charmed with.

The joy of Linden became here so extravagant, that he could not keep it within the bounds of moderation ; his father checked him, and in a more serious tone told him, that although he did not wish to resign him to despair, but he must still exercise his paternal power with a firm, and, perhaps, his son might feel, with a tyrannical dominion.



“ You are both young, very young, and the violence of passion, my son, at your age, is often mistook for its permanency. The resolution I have formed is, that you shall never have my consent ; but when, by the laws of the country, you may marry without the license of your parents, I will not oppose your union, provided the character of your betrothed remains as pure and as unsullied as it is at this moment. You yet want two years of your majority,\* let that time be occupied in the visiting of foreign courts, and acquiring that knowledge which will be incumbent on you to be acquainted with, when you will be the administrator of your state, and you will have every opportunity of experiencing the truth, and the lasting character of your passion, while your judgment will become more cool and ripened. My resolution is fixed and irrevocable, you will think it harsh and arbitrary, but believe me, it springs from the warmest feelings

\* In Germany the coming of age of an infant does not take place until his 25th year.



of my heart. Rosignuola will, during this period, go through a scene of temptation, and if her feelings remain pure and uncontaminated, she will, at the expiration of the period I have mentioned, rather look back with triumph at the ordeal she has passed, than regret it, as withholding from her the immediate completion of your mutual wishes—go to her, she is already made acquainted with my determination, and acquiesces in it; show yourself that your reliance on her virtue is as great as your affection.”

Linden rose, a weight had been taken from his breast, but a sense of sadness and disappointment still remained. From the tone in which this decree was uttered, he felt, dreadful as appeared the proscription they were to endure, that nothing but affection could have prompted even the delay, while, for the relaxation of his father's known aversion to a *mes-alliance*, the tears of gratitude came and fell from his eyes. He could not speak—but they spoke for him—he flew to Henrietta, and she received him with open arms, proud of the



opportunity of showing that she could prove herself worthy of the high station she saw was ultimately designed for her.

Forgiveness was asked and obtained, and with modest confidence she spoke with delight of the opportunities she would possess of increasing the good opinion his father already entertained of her, by her conduct during the allotted period.

Their conference was, however, interrupted by a note from the Duke, peremptorily desiring Linden to prepare himself for Vienna, where he was to continue his travels still incognito, for reasons which appeared to the Duke most cogent, and recommending Berlin and Paris as the next scenes for the Prima Donna's enchantment. Linden tore himself from her parting embraces, and ere the morn had gilded the spires of the city, both were travelling in opposite directions; it being a clause of the treaty that the lovers were not, during the proscribed period, to visit at one time the same country, thus cutting off any thing like encouragement to their passion during this dreary interval.




This the Duke thought a stroke of admirable policy, as the chief foundation of his objection to their union was, that the attachment was no more than a vehement boyish liason, and that time, distance, and change of scene would either drive the object altogether from his son's mind, or, if they did not, prove at least the truth and durability of his affections.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE CONCLUSION.

THE reception which the Prima Donna received at the most distinguished capitals of the north, after she quitted Leipzig, was of the same enthusiastic nature, as had marked the whole of her previous brilliant career. Indeed, the interest which the beauty of her person and the splendour of her genius ever excited, was heightened by the recent occurrences with which the reader is already acquainted, and, while they clothed her with something like romantic associations, exalted her in the estimation of those with whose good opinion she felt most gratified. Fortified by the armour of her own feelings, and the exclusiveness of her affections, which found it impossible to view more than one





object in the same endearing light, the many solicitations and temptations which aimed their poisoned darts recoiled harmless from her. Her path was a way strewn with flowers—success and splendour travelled with her—and fame and distinction appeared holding out their arms to welcome her into the haven she sought.

Invested with all the real attributes which Nature had bestowed, and the poetical character which her attachment to the Prince had given to the story of her life, her arrival at Paris was greeted with the most flattering and unequivocal demonstrations of public idolatry. Her name was the first symptoms of a fever, which displayed itself immediately after her appearance, and few were there in that gallant nation who escaped the epidemic.

Her hotel was crowded every succeeding morning with the most distinguished residents and visitors of that most *recherchée* of cities, all equally solicitous to express their admiration, and to gain a smile from the lovely enchantress. Henrietta felt



for the first time dazzled, if not intoxicated with the elevation to which she saw herself raised. Amongst her own countrymen she was, indeed, an object of powerful enthusiasm; but here she seemed the only being which a vast city contemplated, spoke, or dreamed of. The colour of her hair was the fashionable hue; her name gave sanction to every alteration in the prevailing fashion, and she made her milliner's fortune by the adoption of a head-dress. She imbibed the air of flattery, and inhaled its most intoxicating draughts wherever she moved. Her dressing-room was every morning besieged by the train of her adorers, in whose ranks she might enumerate all grades, from the foreign Prince, glittering in all the splendour of his different orders, to the simple and insinuating chevalier.

In the midst of her splendid progress, while her evenings were either occupied in her professional avocations, or in the most distinguished and exclusive *soirées* of Paris, and the succeeding mornings in giving audience to her numerous train of satellites, was her heart as true to its devotion, as when,



by the side of its object, she pledged unvarying fidelity? It was, and no flattery could have been so seductive to Rosignuola's soul, as the "still small voice" which never upbraided her, but whispered, thou "hast passed through the fire, and hast come out unscathed."

Shadows indeed of sorrow and misgivings occasionally stole across her mind—was Linden the same? he possessing the distinctions of rank and affluence, must surely become the object of the ambition of many a proud and high-born dame. And, unaccustomed to the world, might he not, when better acquainted with its magnificence and intoxication, forget the choice of his unpractised heart, and eventually think it a duty he owed to himself and his state, in sacrificing her to the shrine of one more suited by birth, to share the honour his hand would bestow?

But she soon found that *his* constancy should not be the sole object of her fears. Snares of seduction and temptation she saw were weaving for her, and without the utmost exercise of her



vigilance, she might get bewildered in their labyrinths. Among many similar offers, was one made to her of higher pretensions, emanating from, although not personally made by, the principal, who contented himself with epistles, glowing with love and admiration, to express the surrender of his heart, which, by unequivocal allusions, appeared to belong to an individual of no mean consideration. His emissary assured her, that the individual who had been captivated by her beauty was of the highest rank in her native country, and, as an inducement for her to quit the profession, had commissioned him to settle on her an annuity of a thousand louis d'or, and assign, that the only reason that his patron had not made his proposal in person, was the necessity of his remaining in England, he being then on an embassy to the court of that country.

It was useless, and would only appear affected in Henrietta evincing either anger or contempt at this communication; the publicity of her situation rendered approach so facile, that they could not feel surprised at the liberties she was obliged to



undergo, and feeling also that the majority of her histrionic rivals had not left an impression of their inaccessability, she could only coolly inform the Ambassador's ambassador, that her present intentions were confined to the stage, and that it would be time to think of his proposals when necessity forced her to abandon it.

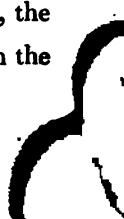
The season was now approaching when she was to visit London, which was to be the last stage of her eventful ordeal, for by the completion of the season her trials were to cease, as the time limited by the Duke would then expire; and it was not without a proud feeling of exultation, that she looked back on the eighteen months which had elapsed since her separation from Linden, without her conscience upbraiding her with an act of infidelity in thought or action.

On her landing at Dover, she was greeted by a courier of the Ambassador, who was the bearer of what was doubtless conceived by the proposer a most dazzling offer; it was couched in a letter, breathing vows of irrepressible love



and unbounded admiration, assuring her that his duties, as a representative sovereign, alone prevented the writer from welcoming her in person to the shore of the land in which he himself was but a sojourner, and that he had sent his travelling chariot, with relays of horses and every convenience, and would consider it as an honour conferred on him by her making use of it. The carriage and the courier, however, left Dover as they entered it, and Rosignuola and her attendants arrived in London in two chaises; she preferring the luxury of independence, even when so humbly displayed, to the most dazzling exhibition of wealth, when sullied by dishonour.

It was on the evening of a day of rejoicing in London, when she made her reverence to an English public. There was no want of enthusiasm displayed in her reception, and although, perhaps, wanting the wild extravagant character which had signalized her welcome in most of the countries that had formed her splendid chain of success, the genuine feeling of delight she saw depicted on the





countenances of the audience, assured her of its sincerity, and that the welcome they gave her was, if a less boisterous one, of a more elevated and refined nature, and a more flattering compliment to her chastened mind.

The magnificence of the house, indeed, astonished, and even bewildered her, whose career had been like a fairy dream, so accustomed was she to richness of detail and gorgeousness of display. The numerous tiers of the boxes were occupied by their beautiful tenants, radiant in all their native loveliness, heightened by the splendour of their costume, which was more than usually superb from the rare circumstance of there being a drawing-room held on the afternoon of the same day, at which the majority, in point of elegance, of the female part of the audience had been presented.

The applause which the Prima Donna received as she went through her favourite character, at once assured her, that she had established herself with the fastidious audience as the reigning favourite. On the conclusion of the opera, her re-appearance



was loudly called for, and the most flattering acclamations realized her happy anticipation. The curtain then drew up, as it was, for the reasons which have been before alluded to, customary to sing the national anthem.

When the whole audience rose, and the immense theatre, overflowing as it was, exhibited the collected mass of its tenants in all their flowing and courtly attire, to which the snow white plumes of the head-dresses of the ladies, crowning tier upon tier, gave the most imposing effect, Rosignuola thought and believed she had never beheld so magnificent a spectacle.

On every occasion of her entering upon the stage, she had been attended from the dressing-room by individuals of rank, who had expressed themselves honoured by an introduction to her, and, even in their distant but respectful attention, the pure mind of the *debutante* felt infinitely more flattered, than by the extravagant and untempered addresses which had generally marked her career. There was one individual who, although not possessing



in his outward air much nobility, from the extreme deference which was universally shown to him, undoubtedly was a person of the highest rank, whose addresses had a self-confidence which in some measure surprised her. He was not habited like many of the individuals of his grade in the full court dress, which was so conspicuous in the evening, but dashed about with a riding whip, a green morning frock, and a black handkerchief *en militaire*.

There was nothing else but the knowing air of this individual, and the visible idea of his own estimation of his importance, which would give a spectator an idea of his rank. An insignificant figure, a face fair without character, and rendered more inexpressive by a smirking insipidity, constituted exactly the sort of person one would expect to meet with at the corner of Bond Street, although, to say the truth, he was not unfrequently found, accompanied only by his groom, migrating to the remote and uncivilized retreats of the city. The individual was in fact, or to speak more properly,



the Giovanni, the Sir Harry Wildair of modern times, and, although deficient of the personal attractions, seemed to possess all the other qualifications of his favourite models.

Upon its becoming very evident that he wished to form a monopoly in his own person of the fair Henrietta, the train of her admirers, who were pouring the incense of their flattery into her ear, some influenced perhaps by interested motives, and others, by a conviction of the little chance they stood in a contest with so formidable a rival, by degrees left him undisputed master of the field.

“ Divine Rosignuola ! and is it possible you do not recognise me ?”

“ You must really excuse my shortness of memory, although I suspect, on this occasion, it is not my fault. I do not see, indeed, how it is possible, once seeing your Excellency’s figure and address, that I should forget either.” Rosignuola was not in the habit of being severe, but she saw, from the self-complacency of her admirer, there was no dan-



ger of her wounding his feelings, by his construing her equivocal compliment into a harmless quiz.

“ How could you, most obdurate fair one, refuse the offer of my carriage, and consecrate an abominable public vehicle with the sanctity of your person ?”

Now was the mystery explained : Rosignuola discovered, in the person of her admirer, the renowned Prince Capraione, then ambassador to the English Court, from the richest subject in Europe, the most general admirer of the sex, and the same ardent suitor, whose liberal offers she had so unhesitatingly and firmly rejected.

She felt herself indeed in an awkward situation ; after the playful tone of her retorts, a marked alteration would savour much of prudery, and without such a change, she knew the Prince would consider his proposal had met with encouragement. Much to her relief an individual of rank, who had formed one of the bevy of her Parisian adorers, made her a passing bow, and claimed the privilege of a



former acquaintance. His example was followed by many others, which the Prince perceiving, and adopting a maxim, highly commendable in ambitious minds, "*aut Cæsar, aut nullus,*" he made his obeisance, slashed his boots with his whip, and shuffled off, with a gait between a walk and a run, towards a figurante, who was pirouetting before an opposite mirror.

At the conclusion of the performance, Henrietta drove to her apartments, highly elevated by her flattering reception, but still dwelling on the delightful anticipation of the reward which was to terminate her unblemished career in public life, for whose distinctions, generously and lavishly as they had been bestowed, she could not resist a growing indifference and distaste.

The public, however, grew more fascinated as she ceased to feel interested in her own success, and she found that the doors of the most distinguished were open to her, and she was received unqualifiedly as a guest on equal terms; a distinction she felt as the most flattering token which could



have been offered to her, well knowing with the exclusiveness of the higher classes of English society.

Thus continued, uninterrupted by the brilliancy and intoxicated homage which every where threw its deceptive light around her, her blameless course, when one morning her confidante entered her room with a packet, which, when opened, contained a beautiful and splendid suite of diamonds, accompanied by a billet which she at once detected to be in the same hand-writing as those of her ardent correspondent while in Paris.

Beautiful as the present was, she could not but feel more vexation than surprise. There was something even in the value of the bribe, which seemed not only to set a price on the sincerity of her rejection of the donor's offer, but to impress on her belief, that avarice was believed by him to be the successful mediator in his favour. Did she send them back with the note unopened, the impression would still continue, and she might only subject herself to a repetition of such annoying overtures. She accord-



ingly determined on returning the gems, with a civil but a peremptory note, declining any intimacy with the individual who offered them, and begging that, without he would forfeit the deference she wished to observe to his rank, that he would save her the disagreeable necessity of showing him, that if he persisted in his resolutions, that his further attentions would be in every respect considered as an insult. She accordingly sealed the packet, and had it safely conveyed, with her reply, to the ambassador's residence.

While her carriage was waiting to convey her to the theatre, an equestrian, accompanied only by a servant, rode up to the door of her residence, and as she was giving directions to her attendant to deny her to all morning visitors, the Prince himself caught a glimpse of her person as he ascended the stair-case, the door of her drawing-room being open.

Rosignuola, relying on her firmness of mind, and, when she found necessity to employ it, of behaviour, resolved on giving the interview the Prince appeared so earnestly to desire, anticipating, by



her promptness and decision, that she should save herself the repetition of his future importunities. Having requested him to be seated, in her calm but dignified manner, she gave him every opportunity of explaining the motives of his visit.

It is hardly necessary to follow the Prince throughout his avowal—the principal topics he touched upon may be very readily imagined. Of course he represented himself as burning with admiration, and freezing with the coldness with which she had treated his overtures; his combination of heat and cold must not startle the matter of fact reader, for a lover is at all times the essence of antipodes; mildly insinuated the splendour of his domains, a large proportion of which he should feel would be graced by being conferred on her, and at last arrived at the wished for conclusion, by hoping that she would no longer continue the object of an indiscriminating public's vulgar admiration, but deign to accept of the boundless proposals he voluntarily laid at her feet.

Henrietta calmly heard him to the end, and then,



with a modest firmness, assured him, that could he, or any one else, lay down before her the wealth of Inde, and its sovereignty too, she was fixed in her determination, even were she not honourably engaged to another, which, as that was the case, as a gentleman and a man of honour, he must feel that his presence was both painful and distressing. The dignified utterance of Rosignuola, swelled as it was by maidenly pride and offended delicacy, had a humiliating effect on her persecutor. He took his hat, and assured her that he would never trouble her again with a visit, until she felt she could meet him on equal terms, which, from her beauty and worth, he doubted not would eventually be the case, and offering every assurance of contrition and sorrow, for the precipitancy and impropriety of his avowal, rose and respectfully took his leave.

The period of her engagement was now drawing rapidly to a close, as well as the duration of her betrothed's minority. Revelling on the delightful anticipation of the future, and the satisfactory retrospect of the past, a packet was placed in her



hands one evening after her return from the opera. She opened it, and her sight almost recoiled at the contents, for she saw the identical diamonds with which she had before been insulted, as the price of her most cherished principles. She turned with disgust from the glittering gems, and the accompanying note, until her eye caught a difference in the character of the writing, and saw that the billet was secured by a seal, bearing the impress of a ducal crown—whose could it be but the father of her adored?

She hesitated no longer, but tore open the note, and, with the most hallowed feelings, of delight read its contents:

“Receive, dearest girl, the enclosed testimony of respect, which was once vainly intruded on you as a bribe to your disgrace, and is now submitted as the reward of your unsullied virtue.

“Linden, as well as myself, have been acquainted with every particular of your triumphant career, as well as of the proposals which were made you.



His love remains as ardent as ever, and his impatience to behold you is as lively as the feeling of respect I entertain for your virtues. Shortly after the receipt of this note he will fold you in those arms, from whence you are never afterwards to be separated—when, in crowning his felicity, you will be completing the happiest moment of my life, in calling one of the best and most accomplished of her sex DAUGHTER, and being the means of lifting her to the distinguished elevation for which nature has so eminently designed her.

“ With every sentiment, &c.

“ CHRISTIAN.”

The letter fell from her hand, and she sank overwhelmed with delight. A footstep was heard, which fell like music on her soul—her eyes glanced toward the door—what need is there of words—Linden was holding her to his heart—“Lovely Henrietta!”—“Dearest Linden!”—and the bewitching *Prima Donna!* was the acknowledged participator of a regal crown.







THE  
FORTUNES OF CHARLES EDWARD.

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“ I care not, I—  
Poverty, shame, death, scandal, and reproach—  
For you I'll hazard all ! why care I,  
For you I live, and for your love I'll die.”

HEYWOOD.







THE  
FORTUNES OF CHARLES EDWARD

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CHAPTER I.

Few passages in the history of mankind present so vivid a picture of exclusive devotion and high-born enthusiasm, as that which distinguishes the cause of the unfortunate Stuarts. This unhappy chain of events cannot be regarded but with mixed feelings—with admiration of the nobleness of soul which no terrors could shake nor hardships subdue, that bound its victims to the destinies of the most unfortunate of princes; and regret that it was spent in the pursuit of an object which had neither patriotism nor justice to redeem it from the reproach by which it was distinguished.

Chilling as the reflection may be, that oceans of blood may have perpetuated this period, there is a



charm thrown around it, which gives, to a tissue of fearful realities, the wild and unceasing interest of romance. History and fiction would be alike exhausted, ere instances of enthusiastic heroism, unexampled devotion, and unquenchable fidelity, which existed under every calamity to repress and temptation to betray, could be found superior to those which constitute the fortunes of Charles Edward.

Among the many objects equally deserving of censure and admiration, who bowed allegiance to the Pretender's cause, there were none whose fidelity was so severely tried as those ill-fated sons of the muses, John Roy Stewart, and his friend William Hamilton; equally enthusiastic, full of high hopes and mistaken loyalty, these unfortunate men were attached to each other by the tenderest links that can bind the spirit of man to his fellow; not only from each of them being a partizan of the same cause, but from their having, in the earlier and happier years of their existence, wandered together in the beloved haunts of poesy—and even, when under the influence of a more ungenial planet,



attuned their hopes and fancies in the same brotherly communion. The lyre which had till then been strung to joyous vibrations only, and in measures which are yet remembered, where they were first awakened, now thrilled with the story of their sufferings and disappointments; and even in the dreary recesses of a wilderness proved the durability of the intellectual over every other enjoyment of life.

Indeed the minds of both could have been of no common fashioning, to obey their will in the situation they found themselves for some time previous to the event which was the verdict of their leader's hopes and fears.

Wounded and defeated in a late desperate affray—pursued by soldiery—outlawed, and surrounded by their enemies—a price set on their heads, they fled the habitation of men, and sought shelter with the beasts of the field. Forsaking the light of day, and in the trackless paths of the forest, or the impenetrable covers of night, they pursued their wandering existence. The damp cavern, which no



ray of sunshine ever cheered, was their home—the cold rock their pillow—and the fruits of the earth, and the water of the stagnant pool, their only support; and these were men trained up in the social endearments of civilized life—fed with the inflating visions of the fame which their highly appreciated talents had made their own—and the idols of a numerous circle of relatives and friends; what were they now?—wanderers on the face of the earth, and, like the first born, with a curse burning on their foreheads, without a stone on which they could lay their heads without the dread of its marking out their graves.

In consequence of the extraordinary bravery they had evinced in a late affray, they had been declared traitors, and a considerable reward offered for their apprehension. Driven from wild to wild, finding safety only when out of the haunts of men, enduring the extremities of cold, hunger and thirst, their attachment to him whom they considered as their rightful king remained as warm and as fervent as when fighting by his side, under the banner of



his ancestors, and glowing at the echo of his spirit-stirring cry.

After crossing several rivers, wading bogs, and climbing precipices, sustaining nature the whole of the time with blackberries and the roots of wild liquorice, they found themselves at last in the fastnesses of Craig Ellarchy. Here, meeting with a pit covered by a fir tree, which had been dug as a trap for foxes, they thought themselves blest with an asylum.

From the first day of their flight to their reaching this spot several weeks had occurred, during which time they had never once taken off their clothes, nor slept under a roof; but during the whole of this trying interval suffered every change of weather, and privation which imagination can picture, or reality confirm.

Though the temperature of their minds were in many respects similar, both ardent and enterprising, enthusiastic and loyal to a failing, there still remained some prominent contrarieties.

The mind of Hamilton, like his person, was in-



dicative of an emasculacy which was foreign to his companion, his feelings were as highly wrought and more quickly aroused, and from the comparative luxury of a life, till then spent in literary ease, and from a constitutional deficiency, no one could be worse qualified for the privations and distresses of their present situation, which was sufficiently perilous and repulsive for the strictest and hardest trained constitution.

The personal and mental characteristics of John Roy, or, as he was known in the army of the Prince, Colonel Stewart, were in every respect of a dissimilar temperature. His early life had been spent amongst his native highlands, the keen air of the mountains and the robust exercise of his youth had materially strengthened a naturally good constitution, and nature could not boast of a more powerful son than her favourite Roy.

The subsequent portion of his years had been principally appropriated to a martial life, dividing the short interval of peace in the opposite pursuits of the chase, and the less invigorating, though not



less inspiring one of poetical fame ; thus, whether in the battle field or the foray, both his mental and material powers were taught to sustain either fatigue or privation.

So frequently accustomed to face danger, he hardly regarded it as an enemy even when it appeared under so hideous a form ; the only feeling of despondency which weighed on his noble mind was the situation of his unfortunate friend, whose natural delicate and toil worn body seemed sinking under the horrors by which they were environed.

In any other situation, each would have smiled at the idea of one becoming the nurse of the other ; the elegant manners of Hamilton, and the heroic achievements of the Colonel, would have made the task ridiculous in either. But it is the hour of suffering alone which tears the heart naked from its hiding place, and wakes into life every impulse and passion which till then had slumbered in unconsciousness. Men, until that period, are the mere creatures of habit, the casts which society has



chosen to mould them ; not until such a call as this will the soul awake in all the lights and shades of its pristine formation.

Is there an eye so tearless to the miseries of humanity, as could look without reverence into the damp cavern where these two unfortunates lie concealed, and behold the graceful follower of the muses lying on the brawny chest of the rough soldier, who was awkwardly, but earnestly endeavouring to recall the life that was fleeting from his wretched friend's bosom. How many a manly cheek would have shown blood at being detected at such an employment, but when could man offer up his claims for immortality so boldly as at such a moment. Stewart had been at the head of his charge meeting destruction face to face ; he had conquered, and returned to his country one of her saviours—he had known the air rent with his name by thousands of voices, but never did his heart glow with so warm a feeling as when the weak eyes of his exhausted companion unclosed after his temporary suspension from life, and conveyed a look of



unutterable gratitude. Oh ! why should man, whose feelings and sentiments link him with the Godhead, be for ever seeking to render himself any thing but the being which nature designed him !

Upon his recovery, Hamilton could but dimly survey the pit or cavern which was now their castle of defence, the small aperture being almost closed by the fir tree which rendered its mouth imperceptible.

A heavy fall of rain had, on the preceding day, nearly covered the bottom with water, leaving only dry the spot on which he was lying ; Roy was kneeling in the water, supporting his friend's head on his breast, and had actually parted with the warmest of his scanty clothing, to administer to his necessities. Such continued proofs of disinterestedness brought tears into Hamilton's eyes, as he faintly returned him thanks.

“ Stewart, I cannot thank you in the common phrase of gratitude, it would be an ill-requital of such nobility of soul—and yet, what can I say more ?”



"P'sha, Hamilton, you know I hate this speechifying—what's a soldier fit for if he can't lend a helping hand to a fallen comrade?" answered Roy, while an honest glow mantled over his fine features.

"But when both are levelled"——

"Come, come, my dear fellow, no more of this; you must not forget, now I am turned nurse, I am still your commanding officer, although I am afraid I now and then put you to hard duty."

"Trust me, Roy, the honest gripe of sincerity thrills more softly to the soul, than the most tender of meretricious caresses."

"Spoken like a poet and a man, but I must not suffer you to talk; come, rest your head on my shoulder, an hour's sound rest will make Hamilton himself again. Remember Charles Edward is not yet fallen."

A ray of omniscience seemed to dart across the emaciated cheeks of him whom he had addressed—that name was the talisman which gave fresh vigour to the dying energies of his soul. Raising



himself from the arms of his friend, while his sunken eyes flashed with returning hope—

“ Fallen,” he exclaimed, “ no! while these veins can boast a drop of blood, it shall be spilt for Charles Edward.”

Roy viewed his enthusiasm with a melancholy smile, and in a bitterer tone of voice than any in which he had yet spoken, replied—

“ Alas! my dear Hamilton, how long has that been our cry, and to what a miserable reality have our expectations been reduced? Beset on all sides—hunted like wolves and bears of the wilderness—every arm raised against us, as if we were beings accursed, rather than adherents to the noblest cause that ever nerved the arm of a soldier—baited like badgers, and hunted from our holes by bull-dogs by day—pressing the stone that serves us for a pillow by night, with the *delicious* reflection that, ere the morning dawns, it may be *over* instead of under our heads, a way of distinction, from which, above all things, God keep John Roy.”

“ Nor, to tell you the truth, do I feel any parti-



cular ambition to ornament the boughs of any of these neighbouring trees; but Roy, things must have arrived at a melancholy crisis, when a heart like yours begins to fail."

"My heart fail—damn it, Hamilton, but I thought you knew it to be made of better stuff."

"Yes, but the rock, on which the fury of the ocean has spent itself in vain, will wear away with continual droppings; the oak, which in the pride of its might defied the scathing wings of the tempest, will droop when the worm feeds on its fangs—and may not your heart?"

"Which believe me is neither a rock, nor an oak, but mere flesh and blood like your own. Yet it *may* droop, but only to swell again with a more buoyant spirit. Trust me, Hamilton," he continued, as with a gigantic stride he endeavoured to conceal the agitation which convulsed him, "'tis not for myself I fear, but for you—for our brave Sheridan—Gordon—for Charles Edward. I was born in a camp, a cavalry serjeant my nurse, a saddle my cradle, the thunder of the artillery my



rattle, and the battle-field my play-ground; but for him—the heir of a throne, whose couch was beneath a diadem, whose first breath was drawn in a palace, and who now imbibes the perishing blast of a desert—p’sha, damn it, were I even inclined for a whine, it would be presumption in me to mourn over my own trumpery sorrows, when I remember those of my sovereign!”

“ Noble Stewart, you are now indeed ‘ Roy of the Lion heart;’\* nay (seeing him turn his head aside) brush it not away—the tear that is filtered through a brave man’s heart, is a gem worthy of an angel’s diadem!”

The fatigues of this colloquy had been too much for the exhausted frame of Hamilton, and at the conclusion of the last sentence he sank back completely exhausted.

Roy received him on his breast, till he dropped asleep. When, laying him gently on a stone, he left the cavern in search of food, which they had

\* Stewart was so called in the Pretender’s army.



been without for upwards of twenty-four hours, being in the heart of the forest, where the blackberries and liquorice, to which they had been for some time reduced, were very scanty.

He wandered a considerable distance without meeting with the object of his search, till the gnawings of hunger becoming almost insupportable, and fearing that his friend would awake before his return, and be alarmed at his absence, he gathered a few of the tenderest shoots of the fir tree, and, in some degree, appeased his craving sensations—taking with him a small quantity of this miserable substitute for food, he proceeded in the direction of the cavern.

The sun had set before he left his place of refuge, as he did not dare to brave the daylight, in dread of being discovered by his pursuers—his way back was therefore in the midst of darkness and peril. Unaccustomed to the district, he missed the point where he should have turned, every definite object which could have distinguished the neighbourhood being imperceptible.



His suspense increased as he plodded onwards, when, at last, the total improbability of his reaching his destination came in sad and fearful force to his mind. Forgetting at the moment that it was impossible the accident could have been avoided, he cursed his absence of mind, and dashed his head against a fir tree in the most desperate agony. Hamilton sick—powerless—alone—alarmed for his safety—perhaps dying—or the prey of wolves and foxes, with which the forest was infested. Horrible idea! his senses could not support the climax he had summoned up, and, overcome with dread and fatigue, he sank powerless on the earth.

Sensation—memory—existence itself seemed suspended, and it was not until the sun had obtained considerable height, that he found himself stretched on the same spot where he had dropped, cold and stiff from the damp, and nearly buried in the fallen leaves. In the bewildered state of his mind his first impression was, that he was actually dead, but the illusion was momentary, and when the



truth of the over-night's occurrence flashed on his mind, he became acutely sensible of the truth of his existence. Springing up from the ground, he looked about him; and once more exerting his stiffened joints, he again proceeded in his doubtful course. In this manner he had nearly perambulated the whole of the forest, when, to his inexpressible joy, he saw the fir tree which covered the mouth of the excavation; with one spring he has reached it—but why does he stand gazing with so fixed a look?—an indefinable dread seems to nail him to the spot—his anxiety for the safety of his friend renders him breathless—one moment will ease him of his agonizing doubts, and yet he stands quivering with irresolution. “Hamilton”—what, no answer—he applies his ear to the aperture—all is silent as the grave—it *may* be a grave—horrible imagining—he rushes head-long into the cave, and finds it—empty!



## CHAPTER II.

AFTER the stupefaction which had followed the first shock had subsided, Colonel Stewart, with as much calmness as the convulsion of his feelings would allow, reflected on the most prudent course to obtain information of the fate of his friend. Perhaps he was discovered by the Royalist party, numbers of which he knew, attracted by the great reward, were roving about the country in pursuit of them both—perhaps driven from the den by the ingress of some beast of prey, its rightful occupier—perhaps——no, no, the thought was too horrible to find encouragement, yet he dashed into the open air, resolving either to find the person of his friend, or, if the worst of his fears was realised—his remains.

Utterly regardless of his own safety he again perambulated the whole of the forest, but without



discerning any vestige of the object of his anxiety. He, however, saw no appearance of blood, nor any shred of clothing, which abated in some measure his fears that his friend had fallen (in his weak state) the prey of a beast, though of a human enemy, which was most to be feared, he had still to encounter all the horrors of doubt and alarm. Night again surrounding him, he returned once more to the cavern, though with the determination, if he found not his friend there, of running all risks, and applying for assistance at the nearest place of habitation.

Severe as the inflictions were with which it had been tried, the spirit of humanity still glowed in the breast of Roy, and he had not so mean an opinion of mankind as to believe that even an enemy would take advantage of the helplessness of his comrade, and his resolution was accordingly fixed, upon finding the melancholy chasm of the pit unoccupied, to put himself within the power of the nearest inhabitant, friend or foe.

He passed through the forest and a considerable



track of land beyond without perceiving any resemblance to a habitation, until he reached the small village of Alvey. His heart bounded at the sight, for so spent was he with hunger and fatigue, that he felt convinced, powerful as his excitement was, his strength would have failed him, if doomed to further trial.

A sharp and severe frost had succeeded to a drizzling mist, which had thoroughly drenched him in the preceding part of the day. The first house which he recognised was the Manse, then occupied by the Reverend Mr. Gordon, the staunchest supporter Scotland ever gave birth to of "Church and King." So nearly allied were these high estates in the loyal heart of the pastor, that he believed no man could be sincere to the one, without stoutly upholding the other. The noble heart of Roy did not hesitate in throwing himself upon the mercy of his enemy, and on this occasion he had no reason to repent.

Yet how fearful the odds appeared against him,



from the character of the man in whose walls he sought an asylum. Mr. Gordon was distinguished as the most energetic advocate in the cause of Hanover. Not content with upholding the person of royalty as the sacred representative of the God-head on earth, but he consequently deduced, that he who was rebel to the earthly king, was a rebel in the eyes of the King of Kings.

So terrible were his denouncements, so fired with energy were his appeals, that the members of his flock had inculcated the belief that the unfortunate Charles Edward was something nearly allied to a fiend incarnate, and his attempt to regain his ancestor's throne, as nothing short of a cloak to consign the whole inhabitants of England and Scotland to the pope and the devil—terms which, in their presbytery, were nearly if not quite synonymous.

When the civil contentions were at their height, the minister of Alvey has been known to exhort his disciples with the sacred volume clinched in



one hand, and a dirk in the other, calling upon the Holy Spirit to consecrate the weapon in defence of the king.

Untempered by moderation as his zeal might have been in the discharge of his sacred and loyal duties, it was not to be said that his enthusiasm influenced the actions of his private life, otherwise than by characterizing him as a pious minister, and a most kind-hearted man. He would rouse the hearts of his charge with the cry of "Your Country, your God, and your King," but would qualify their enthusiasm by reiterating "Mercy." After any defeat of the "Rebels," as the adherents of the Chevalier were entitled by the opposite party, he loudly enforced their claims, as fellow-beings and fellow-countrymen, to the temperance and compassion of their countrymen. He would raise himself uncovered above the victorious troops, and while his thin white hairs were scattered by the wind, his eyes, dimmed as they were with age, would kindle into devotion, and a glow of fervid zeal would spread itself over his blanched and



furrowed countenance, as he boldly and fearlessly advocated the cause of mercy and forbearance.

Every little luxury and indulgence was forborne by him and his family, even the necessities of life were regarded with the most scrupulous economy, in order that a portion, at least, of his scanty income might be rendered conducive to the necessities of the routed fugitive, to whom neither his heart nor his doors were ever closed.

As the royal proclamation had denounced it treason in those who afforded either shelter or succour to the partizans of Charles Edward, the worthy minister was obliged to offer a compromise between his loyalty and his benevolence, by capitulating, that those who put up claims for the latter, should withhold from him all knowledge of their names, families, and especially political tenets. The greatest caution was preserved, that no refugee under his roof should obtain means of knowing that there was any other individual sharing it besides himself. So admirably managed was this plan of concealment, that a father and son were



enjoying his hospitality for near five months, without either having the slightest suspicion of the proximity of the other.

The family of Mr. Gordon, at the period Colonel Stewart put himself under his protection, consisted of himself, his wife, a maiden sister, and his daughter Marian, his eldest child and only son being at that time on duty as an officer of the British army.

Of Mrs. Gordon and aunt Hannah, the amiable uniformity of their lives, pursued in one continued round of charity and benevolence, little need be said. Looking up to Mr. Gordon as husband and brother, as a pattern of human perfection, they had scarcely a wish or thought but was an echo of his own; his schemes for the amelioration of the distress of the poorer inhabitants, and the wandering members of the rebel army, were entered into with a congenial warmth of spirit, and as nice a tact of policy. Their lives, spent in the performance of the duties of their relative situations, require



no other comment than a heart-felt acknowledgment of their worth.

This is fame, though it is the fame that too quickly passes from the earth; but how much more enviable than to live in the eyes of posterity in the radiance of glorious deeds, which are perpetuated like the life of the fabled vampire, by the blood which it has fed on.

In a narrative which has no higher pretensions than a bare recital of facts, a heroine would be a sad incumbrance; in fact, I have a mortal antipathy to the name of one, there is something to me tremendous in the sound; and, therefore, lest I should be suspected of introducing one, I shall wave all ceremony, and bring forward the object I wish to describe without farther preamble.

Marian Gordon was the favourite child and only daughter of the minister, and was generally distinguished by his parishioners as the Rose of Alvey. She did not, however, acquire this title by extraordinary personal beauty, so much as from an ineffable



sweetness of disposition and warmth of feeling which had endeared her to every one who had come within the sphere of her blessed nature.

Ever seeking for some object on whom the fullness of her heart might vent itself, without being suspected of romance, she was looked upon by all, from the grey-headed elder to the humblest retainer, as something of a superior order. Yet still the heart of Marian was not sufficiently estimated—it was merely considered as the seat of pure and benevolent feelings; few but those who had watched it from its earliest dawn knew it to be the birth-place of high hopes and deep revealings. An acute observer of human character might have discovered in her violet eye, “so deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,” something of a higher nature than mere goodness of heart, and in her quivering lip, and pale but lovely countenance, the workings of a lofty and finely strung soul. Its aspiration swelled too proudly, and her feelings were too highly wrought, on some occasions, to be buried within her.

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On one subject, and one only, an unfortunate difference of opinion had existed between her and her family, and yet it was a simple matter of wonder on their part, that it could so little influence her general conduct, although, perhaps, it contributed to colour an imagination, already too highly charged. She, in fact, beheld the claims of Charles Edward to the throne of Great Britain with different feelings than those of her father, and her nature was too ingenuous to conceal it.

It would be difficult to assign a cause for this variance with her family, in the bosom of which she had been educated, further than by accounting for it as the result of impressions on her own mind, and repeated examinations of her feelings on a topic, which at that time appeared to prevail over every other impulse of the heart—the ties of blood not excepted. But who is to sound the depths of our nature? there are feelings hidden within us not to be understood, far less to be accounted for, whose spring is in a region, which, often as it has been explored, still remains an undiscovered land.



Say, may not a genius yet be produced who will discover the unknown passage, and develop, from the darkness by which it is surrounded, that chaos of mystery, the human heart?

Such was the family to whose generosity the unfortunate Stewart appealed. At that time, the usual sitting-place of the middle class of society in the interior of Scotland, was the room entering from the open air, which served both for parlour and hall.

Round the ingle were seated, it being, as will be remembered, a bleak wintry night, the usual members of the family; the wood or fuel not at that moment burning very brightly, the entrance of Roy was at first unperceived; but upon the advancing of this miserable spectre of humanity, for his appearance more resembled a recently exhumated body, than the form of God's image upon earth, the ladies were unable to suppress their terror, which in their first excitement they vented in a loud shriek.

This was a poor welcome, and dolefully enough



it rung upon his heart. He, who but a few months before, whether at the glorious head of his charge, or in the gay court of Holyrood, had excited both admiration and envy, had now evidently become an object of disgust and horror. Deeply humiliated, he withdrew a few steps, and in those deep but pensive tones, which in his gloomiest hours, possessed a sweet and rivetting charm, exclaimed—

“ Be not alarmed, ladies, no robber comes to invade your sanctuary, but a wanderer, and a soldier, though in so wretched a guise, to claim your succour.”

Extraordinary as the vicissitudes are with which the pilgrimage of life is blended, it appears a defiance to fate, to disguise an individual who has been accustomed to elegant society, so far as to destroy that indubitable air and indefinable grace which mark the gentleman, and even command acknowledgment, in the rags and filth in which it is not lost, but obscured. The mind feels at once the force of the contrast, as the weed, that hides



the symmetry of the ruin, adds to the veneration caused by its former beauty.

The ladies of the Manse required no further assurance, and with a mixed feeling of sorrow and shame, for the weakness they had at first manifested, they drew him a seat nearer the fire, and, with a quick perception of his immediate wants, prepared for him a cordial restorative. Poor Roy, though anxious only for the fate of his friend, was in too exhausted a state to refuse the comforts of which he stood so much in need, and it was not until he had availed himself of their benevolence, that he could explain the principal inducement of his intrusion. Ere he had availed himself of an opportunity of so doing, he was intreated by his reverend host to keep from his ears any particulars which might render it unlawful to afford the shelter, which, as a fellow-creature and a Christian minister, he knew not how to refuse; and Roy, therefore, merely mentioned the doubtful situation in which he had left Hamilton, beseeching that the hapless wanderer might be immediately searched for.



“ Make yourself quite easy, my gallant fellow, on that point ; we must however await the return of my highlanders, who are now in the forest in quest of some wandering cattle. They are well acquainted with the neighbourhood, and their fidelity may be depended upon.”

The lamp of hope once more burned, though somewhat dimly, in the dark chambers of Roy's heart, but it was soon kindled into a blaze, at the thoughts of the possibility of his unfortunate comrade being amongst the lost sheep that were recovered.

This happy expectation was alone sufficient to restore him to his usual animation, by which he was seldom forsaken, but in the very climax of affliction. The darkness of the night became in some degree abated by the snow, which descended in prodigious showers, while Roy's anxiety and impatience increased with the delayed appearance of the expected highlanders.

At last, when hope and expectation had almost entirely subsided in his breast, a shout was heard



from the outside, which announced the long wished-for return. Upon the door being opened, the colonel directed his eyes towards it, as if he was to look but that once ere he was to close them for ever—in an instant he is at their side—he feels the very antipodes of sensation. Hope, fear, joy, and despair at once elevate and petrify his heart—they bear a body in their arms—is it Hamilton or his corpse? The individuality and existence of the being is at once apparent, by a feeble voice exclaiming—

“ ’Tis Roy’s hand ;” in another moment the full flood of rapture rose in Stewart’s breast, as he hugged to his bursting heart his recovered friend. Such a moment of joy as that was sufficient to repay the toil, hardship, and tormenting anxiety of their separation. “ Stewart ” — “ Hamilton ” — was all that was uttered on either side ; but if a volume can be spoken in a word, it is surely in the name of one beloved. What a tale of doubt, dismay, and renewed happiness did the querulous and feeble tone of Hamilton convey, nor was the ful-



ness of Roy's heart concealed in the briefness of his reply. Tears, which both felt would have been a sacrilege to have restrained, rained over their cheeks, and the business of life seemed completed, so exclusive was their enjoyment of that moment.

The minister of God had seen lovers united, after years of vexation and separation—children snatched from their graves to the arms of their despairing parents—culprits rescued from ignominious death—but never did he behold the sweets of recognition so exquisitely enjoyed as at this delicious meeting, in which the miseries of the past were forgotten, and the dread of the future suspended.

Roy, having carried his friend to the seat which he had, till then, occupied, began exciting his spirits, as if they had both reached the apex of human felicity; the overflowing of his heart seemed only visible by the inconsistency of his conduct—he laughed as if he had never intended to cease, and then wept like a child.

Hamilton had, till then, thought himself, from



the long duration of their intimacy, and the opposite situations in which they had been placed together, well acquainted with the nature of his friend. He had till that moment seen nothing but strong feeling, hid in general by an unrestrained gaiety of heart, a mind and body equally callous to hardship and the severest trial; but it was for a moment like this, to prove that the tenderest core of sensibility is, like a sweet kernel, often hid in the roughest of shells. The sight of suffering in the humblest of Nature's offspring, would have caused in Hamilton a lively grief. Roy scorned to weep for a country's woes, although his heart bled at the sufferings of his friend.

By degrees the fluctuating nature of Hamilton's feelings became influenced by the boisterous gaiety of the Colonel; his voice assumed a livelier tone, and he laughed with Roy over the sufferings which they had undergone, the bare recital of which probed to agony the hearts of the hearers. The pastor and his family surveyed with feelings of astonishment the change which a half hour had



made in the refugees ;—then—life seemed flickering from their lips ;—now—they were apparently the happiest of earth's pilgrims.

Upon some fuel being added to the fire, they had an opportunity of perceiving the terrible picture of wretchedness the persons of the hapless fugitives presented, which the uncertain light had, till then, partially obscured.

The herculean figure of Roy had been reduced, like that of his more elegantly formed friend, to a mere anatomy, and both seemed ready to moulder at the touch; the oak and the willow had equally bowed to the storm.

Their bones were starting from their discoloured skins, from which the few remaining rags were dropping. Their hair and beards had grown to an enormous length, matted and shaggy—their eyelids were bleared with the continual cold and damp, and the orbs themselves, buried in their own graves, from the powerful excitement of the moment, gleamed with an intensity almost superhuman. The appearance of each in their then dubious state



of existence, could be only likened to that of a recently exhumated corpse, which had started into life at the command of a galvanic power, and was still quivering with the unconsciousness of its re-animation.

Fortunately the attention of each was too earnestly occupied in the contemplation of the other, to observe the sickened consternation of the minister and his family, who seemed in vain endeavouring to persuade themselves, that the miserable objects before them claimed affinity with themselves, as belonging to the same family of mortality.

When their feelings had in some measure subsided, one of the ladies inquired of Hamilton,\* with whose name, by some inattention of Stewart's, she had become acquainted, and whose poetical reputation was too well known for her to be ignorant of it, whether the muses had ever cheered them in their dreary solitude? Upon his answer-

\* Among many other exquisite productions of his will not be forgotten the thrilling ballad—"Bush ye, bush ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride."



ing in the affirmative, to relieve his mind as much as possible from repulsive retrospections, Miss Gordon requested Hamilton to put the power of the sweet enchantress into exercise, and proposed as a subject—"The happy re-union with his friend." A chord vibrated on Hamilton's heart, but, with his accustomed grace, he immediately consented. Fixing his eyes with a wild and supernatural gaze on his friend, he, without premeditation, commenced in a rapid tone of voice the incoherent lines which follow—the sickening and deadly chill which he was listened to cannot be described—

"John Roy, the bold lion in trial of danger,  
Though meek as the dove in the hour of woe,  
Of oppression the scourge, of wrong the avenger,  
By tyranny never shall be laid low."

"Stop," cried the object of this unpropitious stanza, "wait for a better opportunity; your verse has neither rhyme nor reason to redeem it from the worthlessness of the subject."

The bewildered bard still continued more wildly and rapidly than before.



“ Though naked and cold to the forest wilds driven,  
In the cavern's chill deep, his faith 's as unriven,  
As when mounting his steed, 'mid the artillery's peal,  
He bade empires to tremble, and conquerors kneel.  
Now hunted—now hasted—like a beast o' the field,  
To neither promise nor threat his spirit will yield;  
The morass his home, the rude cavern his bed,  
To the scaffold, like a mal'factor, he 's led.”

Here the voice of the speaker seemed staggering  
—till maddened, as if by a sudden flash of thought,  
in a frenzied tone of voice he continued—

“ In the gloom of the forest, when hungry and chill,  
And hidden from Heaven's inspiring ray,  
On his flesh the vile vermin”—

He suddenly paused, and fixing his eyes in a  
stedfast gaze on John Roy, they remained stretched  
to their utmost extent—his mouth opened—his  
jaws dropped—the breath came not. Roy sprung  
forward, a worm dropped from its self-dug grave.

“ Merciful God! has the worm anticipated  
death,” exclaimed Stewart, as he hid his face in  
loathing agony with his hands.

A sickening chill seemed to pervade every one  
present, and it was not without difficulty that they



recovered Hamilton. After a few convulsive sobs, he returned to the wretched consciousness of existence. Assistance being procured, he was immediately carried to a bed, muttering the horrid burthen of his song—

“ In the depth of the forest, hungry and chill,  
Hid from the cheering light of day,  
On his flesh the vermin are fatt’ning away.”



### CHAPTER III.

IN less than a fortnight after that eventful evening, both Hamilton and the Colonel, owing to the tender nursing and judicious treatment of the ladies of Mr. Gordon's family, recovered their strength sufficiently to join the Chevalier, who, with his scanty army, was encamped on the plains of Cul-loden; the gratitude evinced by both, on leaving the hospitable walls of their benevolent protector, was only chilled by the painful feeling, that it might be the chance of either to lift arms against the life of the only son of their benefactor.

This reflection joined to a few others, which, in the course of their miserable wanderings, had forced themselves on their minds, made them deeply repent of their blind infatuation in leaguering themselves with men of desperate fortunes, in a cause, which demanded of all those who embraced



it to renounce every other—in which a nation lifted arms against itself—in which the tie of blood was no appeal—where brothers slew brothers—and fathers were traitors if they showed mercy to their own offspring.

It was on the evening of the day when the battle of Culloden so decidedly ended this unhappy contest, that our travellers reached the camp of the ill-fated scion of royalty. Ere they proceeded to assure their unfortunate chief of their continued attachment and fidelity, a recognition, at once joyful and unexpected, took place between them and Lord Lewis Gordon, Colonels Sheridan and Sullivan, who were enjoying a few hours of repose after the fatigues of a march, or rather flight of several days.

It required not much penetration to discover the cause of the melancholy gloom which overshadowed the faces of the recumbents, and which even tinged the welcome that they hailed the approach of their long lost comrades with. The many and continued vicissitudes which had characterized the followers of



Charles Edward, and the many unfortunate defeats rendered separation so frequent, that the protracted absence and return of any one of their adherents, had become rather a matter of course, than of surprise or fear; the arrival of these brave fellows was greeted, therefore, merely with a general burst of congratulation, and the party returned to the council in which they had previously been engaged.

The subject may be imagined was that of which the whole of their hopes and fears depended—the fortunes of Charles Edward. They were revolving within their own minds, whether it would be most honourable to their reputation, and the safety of their leader, against whose success the odds had now run to a fearful height, to give up the dangerous game, or concentrate the whole of their hopes, dangers, and fears in one chance, and win or fall according to the hazard of the throw.

“For what,” exclaimed Roy, “have we fought and toiled—for what have we shed our hearts’ best blood, and the blood of our country—for what



have we endured the extremities of heat, cold, hunger, and thirst? Have we herded with the beasts of the forest—have we been like them hunted and badgered, to be hung up at last like a row of herrings on the black gallows at Carlisle, greasy with the base sufferings of burglars and sheep-stealers? What can we lose should we be again unsuccessful? a life whose sweetness has fled; and what are we to gain if we surrender? a halter instead of a bullet. If we must die for the cause, let it be honourably—we can die but once, but let it be like true sons of our fathers—with claymores in our hands. Shall the hand of a plebeian southern, reeking with his office, soil the neck of a son of M<sup>c</sup>Alpine!”

One loud cheer concluded this rough but energetic appeal; his auditors waited not to consult each other—each seemed to know and appreciate the feelings of his comrades; grasping each other by the hand, and putting themselves into a circle, they crossed their swords, and unanimously exclaimed—  
 “We will conquer or die.”



“Are you resolved?” cried a voice from the interior of the camp, and in another moment the juvenile, but martial figure of Charles Edward was encircled by this band of brothers.

“All.”

“Then, my gallant friends and brave supporters, your wish shall be gratified. The fidelity and personal strength of our handful of men have been so repeatedly exercised, that I fear their spirits will sink under the many conflicting toils, unless put without delay to the final test. Are we to rob the beast of the field of his den any longer, or is your Prince to be lifted on the throne of his ancestors?”

“Charles Edward shall be king.”

A council was immediately convened, the ultimate decision of which was to attack the enemy on the opposite plain, where they were then encamped. After this declaration was made known to the troops, the Chevalier, with the different Colonels, Lochiel and Lord Gordon, proceeded to the different files, encouraging the men, and animating



them with the hope of a certain termination of their trials and vicissitudes.

After examining the different posts, and taking observations on the situation of the enemy, they returned to the exterior of the camp in earnest anticipation of the approaching event.

It was a rough and dismal evening, and there was no moon to temper the scene. But gloom and darkness could not quench the fire of returning hope which once more began to burn in the bosoms of these ill-fated men. Charles, with a few of his partizans, of whom were Stewart and Hamilton, endeavoured in vain to snatch a few hours of repose, but the excitement had taken too strong a hold on their minds to permit it.

The unfortunate Prince enveloped himself in his tartan, and with a strange minglement of feelings turned himself towards the ocean, whose hoarse mutterings in the distance seemed to throw a gloom over the coming events.

The scene was awfully grand. Around their



leaders the principal officers rested on their carbines, while, at a short distance, lay the whole of the Pretender's army, principally in repose, and, at the extent of the vision, the camps of the Royalists might be seen, creating a continued but indefinable hum, mellowed by the stillness of the night, broken only by the occasional repetition of the shrill watch-word. Charles Edward looked on the indistinguishable groups scattered around him, and in the distance, with the intensity of feeling which told him, that though friends and foes, they were still his fellow-creatures who were then enjoying the blessings of sleep, which, in all probability, was the last which they would taste while here. What a dagger ran through his heart as the thought flashed, that it was *he*—a solitary unit in the scene—who would, ere another night, be the cause of the plain they were stretched on being drenched with blood;—how many lips of the widowed and fatherless might, ere another moon, be cursing his name.

At this moment the moon appeared struggling from under the dark piles of clouds which inter-



cepted her progress, and at last burst with uncontrollable magnificence over the Inverness mountains, which were illumined with her glory. As he turned his head, resting on his hands, the rays fell with a subdued brilliancy over his noble and inspired features.

“Is not this,” he exclaimed to Sheridan, who had followed him, “an assurance of Heaven’s protection?”

“The same moon, Sir, is at this moment spreading her hope-inspiring beams over the English camp.”

A deep sigh involuntarily burst from the Chevalier, and he turned his eyes towards the opposite plain, as if for confirmation, when a small cloud, passing over the surface of the orb, for an instant obscured her light.

The gloom and misfortune which had so early shaded the years of Charles, had also darkened his mind with superstition, and he was not at a loss to apply an object, which was common to all the world beside, as deciding his own individual fate.



“ The house of Hanover and myself have a common share in the light of that beautiful globe ; but that threatening cloud which now darkens her, I feel is exclusively the fortune of a Stuart.”

Bigoted, or enthusiastic as he might have been, he is not the first hero who has foretold his own unhappy destiny.

About the middle of the following day they were met by the Royalists on the plains of Culloden.

Although, in point of numbers, the partisans of Stuart were not much inferior to their opponents, yet as regarded discipline and ammunition they were very unequal. A few pieces of cannon were all that the adventurer had, in opposition to the powerful artillery of the English.

The latter were the first to charge ; and although it created dreadful havoc in the ranks of Charles, apparently only increased their ardour. Upon proceeding to answer the attack, they visibly manifested their own inferior discipline, as well as their leader's ignorance of that most essential point of military tactics.



The confining of the wild and almost untameable spirit of the troops within the trammels of regimental regulations, served only to curb their fiery spirit, and restrain their natural impetuosity.

The English were not long in perceiving the advantage they possessed over their rivals, and, by repeated and vigorous charges, seemed unequivocally to decide what would be the event of the battle, even at that early period : but they forgot that even the worm will turn ere it is trampled to death ; and the whole of the Pretender's army, gathering themselves into one knot, which seemed to bear but one general soul, shaking off all the shackles of military discipline, with almost supernatural velocity rushed upon the army in one broad and ungovernable cataract, which swept over every thing in its course.

Each of the thinned supporters of a cause, now almost hopeless, seemed to have the weight not only of the hopes and dangers of his own life, but the responsibility of a kingdom and a crown on his claymore, and all met the foe with a fury almost incredible, except to those who have stood trembling



like them on the pivot of irrevocable destiny. The effect was soon visible; incalculable slaughter ensued, in which the loss of the English greatly preponderated: the gaunt giant Despair seemed to be striding hastily through their ranks, and Hope, to the Pretender's party, gleamed through the vistas caused by their fallen enemies. But, alas! haunted as they were by a peculiar destiny, which perpetually kept them suspended between alternate hope and successive disappointment, it was their fate to see the cup of victory snatched from their lips as they were upon the brink of enjoyment.

By a *ruse de guerre* of Hawley, the commander of one of the wings of the Duke of Cumberland's army, a wall, over which a great party of the Royalists had rushed, was made to fall upon the heads of the advancing rebels, the majority of whom were consequently crushed to death. The utmost confusion dwelt among the remainder; and the English recovering their animation, and before the enemy could rally, recommenced the work of horror.

Although resistance was now in vain—although




each saw his life was not to be saved without a miracle, he determined that the prize should not be won without a portion of difficulty.

The voice of the Prince was heard in the desperate agony of one who sees the last chance of existence retreating from him, sounding through the ranks. The cry, at this moment of destruction, was not heard in vain, for, with that remarkable devotion which was the principal characteristic of this gloomy story, the few of his remaining adherents formed themselves in a circle around him, and succeeded in clearing a road through the dying and dead, by which he might pass uninjured.

It was well known that strict orders had been given from the English camp to spare the life of Charles Edward, and an enormous reward offered to secure his person, towards which object the whole efforts of the Royalists were now directed.

The angel of death had spread his black wings like a huge cloud over the reeking plain, but the last act of the bloody tragedy was not over—the catastrophe yet remained unperformed.





Upon the desertion of the field by the Chevalier, the Duke of Cumberland, or those under his command, appeared to have forgotten that the greenest leaf in the conqueror's laurel was that of mercy. It must be repugnant to the feelings of man at all times in blood, hot or cold, to slaughter his fellow-creatures, even when the cause of his country, his own right, and his children's rights and existence demand the sacrifice. But, when a nation divides itself—when those of the same clime, born under the same king, who have, till then, fought under the same banner, and shared the same scep, take arms against each other, how degrading must be the attack—how inglorious the defeat—a defeat won by the blood of their fellow-countrymen: humanity shrinks at the sight, and Nature blushing asks herself—“ Can they be *all* my children ?”

No troublesome delicacy, however, seemed to interfere with the elation of the royal party; for, after all contention was over, and resistance impossible—while the field was yet smoking with the blood of their foes, the powerless state of the poor



wretches seemed to be taken as an invitation to renew the slaughter. The sword of Vengeance stifled the cries of Mercy;—the groans of the wounded were only relieved by being hushed into the silence of the dead. “No quarter,” was the word; and the soldiers gloried in making it a deed.

When the conquerors had gorged their fill of blood, they left the field of slaughter, and the surrounding country became the theatre of one hideous scene of plunder and desolation. Victory, instead of bringing peace and happiness, seemed only the harbinger of ruin and desolation. “Vengeance is mine,” saith the Lord; but man recklessly usurped the most sacred attributes of his God.



## CHAPTER IV.

BEHOLD now the scene of ruined majesty—behold the heir of England's throne ! A small hut in one of the lesser Hebrides, and seated round a turf fire, with the few adherents who still ventured to be near him after the late defeat, was the palace and court of Charles Edward.

The heavens looked smilingly upon all around, but to him appeared only to mock his own and his companions' wretchedness. The birds carolled their joyful songs from the underwood—every flower and shrub seemed springing into renewed life and happiness—every thing seemed renovated but the wretched hopes of their own bosoms, which the wintry chill of disappointment had for ever withered.

“ Alas !” he would exclaim, with that blindness of judgment by which, more or less, we are all influenced, which throws our misfortunes into the



strongest lights, and our errors completely into the shade, "what have I done to deserve this fate? Why am I hunted from hole to corner like an ignominious culprit? Born to a kingdom, I have not a stone to rest my head on in safety. Was it not to restore a king to his people—a father to his throne?"

But in the midst of all his calamities he preserved an amiability of mind and temper which, with all his rashness, rendered him deserving of a better fate. Seldom or ever would a repining word escape from his lips; and if, by chance, the tide of feeling came too strongly against his mind, he would struggle violently till he had gained the ascendancy.

"Think not, my gallant friends," he would exclaim, "it is the loss of a throne that could draw tears from my eyes. How can I behold you who have risked your lives, and have sacrificed your homes—your fair name and fortune—to be linked with my unfortunate destiny, thus requited? Is this, oh God! the reward," he would sometimes break out with, in the bitterness of despair,



that seemed to drown all inward sense of his own rashness and indiscretion in its overwhelming stream —“ is this the reward of unquenchable courage, of faith, tried in the hot and bloody furnace of war—that withstood the climax of every suffering and temptation? Oh! forgive me, thou dread avenger, and ye, my suffering martyrs!”

When despondency seized his companions, he would soften, as much as was in his power, the sense of their afflictions, and endeavoured, by evincing the utmost fortitude and indifference to his own misfortunes, to alleviate those of his supporters.

When circumstances imperiously demanded their separation, he would, without fear or suspicion, place himself within the power of the nearest peasantry, and on many successive nights slept in the vicinity even of the British camp. His general appearance was most abject and miserable, and his sole remaining hope was, that assistance would arrive from France, to enable him to elude the vigilance of the king's party. None of his misfortunes cut him so quickly to the heart, as the coldness which



the Court of St. Germaine manifested on this occasion. In the very climax of his previous misery, he had always met with the most affectionate fidelity and concern, and the reverse now coming from a quarter the least expected, was, beyond measure, wounding and mortifying.

The recital of the adventures and misfortunes which he encountered, during this period of time, would fill a volume. The faith and fidelity he experienced from his partisans are so highly coloured, as rather to appear belonging to the fables of romance, than the indisputable records of history.

During the late fatal encounter, a young officer, whose name deserves to be perpetuated in the annals of unquenchable zeal and fidelity, Mackenzie, was more than once, during the battle, mistaken for Charles Edward. While the Prince was surrounded in the situation before described, endeavouring, with great difficulty, to clear his flight, some men, of the Duke's party, observing Mackenzie fly towards the circle by which the Chevalier was protected, exclaimed—"The Pretender! Seize him!"



The gallant fellow, in order to draw off the attention of the Royalists from the real object of their pursuit, suffered them to continue under their self-delusion. He was soon surrounded, but parried off the blows of his antagonists successfully, till he observed his royal master had succeeded in making his escape, when he received his death wound: turning round to his antagonists, he uttered, with heroic dissimulation—"Villains! you have shed blood-royal!" and died. Although his soul passed his lips as he had uttered the falsehood, yet surely, if there was ever an error which

"Pleaded with silver tongue  
Against the deep damnation of his taking off,"

it must have been blotted out for ever from the record of his sins.

During his many vicissitudes, the Prince was more than once obliged to submit to the disguise of woman's apparel, which reaching the ears of the enemy, they seized a young lady, of a respectable family, in the vicinity of the spot where he was



secreted. This noble girl gave another instance of the devotion attached to this unfortunate cause, by never undeceiving the guards who captured her until she was conveyed to the English camp, when, knowing that the Pretender would by that time have had an opportunity of escaping unmolested, she mentioned her name to the commanding officer, who, to his honour, saw her safely conveyed back to her delighted family, with many eulogies on the courage and magnanimity of her soul.

While tracing such god-like acts as these, with all the glow they kindle up, a feeling of despondency pervades the mind—and for why? Is it not because that the noblest of our thoughts and energies should be wasted on objects which they can neither adorn nor obtain? Had the boundless enthusiasm, and immeasurable devotion, which was lavished in furtherance of the claims of Charles Edward, been employed for the general amelioration of mankind, or in the propagation of religion, how manifold and glorious might not the effects have been? Instead of moistening the land with the blood of its bravest



supporters, and the tears of their widows and orphans, peace and prosperity would have shed their invigorating dews, and called into perpetual life the noblest and most grateful feelings of our nature.

To follow the strange vicissitudes of this plaything of fortune.—Shortly after these events, the Chevalier was reduced to the painful extremity of seeking refuge in the hut of two notorious robbers, of the name of Kennedy; preferring their doubtful protection to the certain retribution of his enemies. Although a reward of thirty thousand pounds was offered for his apprehension, he felt all but assured of their fidelity, for the Highlanders preserve the laws of hospitality with as much rigid honour as the Arabs; like them, thinking it an act degrading to nature to show even their bitterest foes, when under their roof, any other than the most indulgent treatment.

By this noble characteristic of soul were the lawless Kennedies distinguished, each of whom, father and son, would rather have laid down his own life, than have put that of their royal guest in jeopardy.



Beautiful as such disinterestedness is, wherever it may be rooted, yet how much sweeter its fragrance when it blooms, like the sacred flower, in a wild and uncultivated desert.

It was one of the sons of Kennedy whose hands the Prince had once shaken ; this condescension had such a winning charm on the young man's mind, that he never afterwards offered that hand to another. Could the most romantic imagination picture a more hallowed or delicate veneration than that which thrilled in the heart of this wild and abandoned outcast ? Conscious of the incorruptibility of their nature, Charles Edward felt as little, and perhaps less fear for his safety, than when surrounded by his noble adherents in the Court of Holyrood.



## CHAPTER V.

DURING the whole of the time subsequent to the battle of Culloden, till the restoration of a tranquil state in Scotland, the family of Mr. Gordon continued in the active exercise of their benevolent feelings, for which daily, and almost hourly objects presented themselves. Among them were the brave, but unfortunate Stewart and Hamilton, still companions in disappointment and suffering. As suspicion had in some degree arisen, respecting their former place of concealment, it was thought imprudent by both parties to endanger either to the scrutiny of the guards.

The only situation which promised a secure, though bleak asylum, was the cave which had already afforded them shelter. In this miserable spot the ladies of Alvey conveyed different articles of comfort, such as blankets, charcoal, cordials, &c.,



and other little necessities which would abate the privations their asylum subjected them to, without endangering its security.

The day had scarcely closed which saw the departure of Roy and his comrade from the house of their benevolent friends, when the servant entered the room where the family were passing the evening, with the intelligence that a traveller, who appeared almost famished, was without, supplicating for food and shelter. No other appeal was necessary, but the mendicant was kindly supplied with nourishment, and shown to a comfortable corner in the kitchen fire-place. From his appearance there could be no doubt of his belonging to the lowest class of society, but miserably reduced by hunger and fatigue.

His dress was a short jacket, of the common freize usually worn by the shepherds of the Highlands, the coarse texture of which was covered with filth, and round his lower limbs were the remains of a plaid, kept from actually falling to pieces by an old leather belt. His squalid looks, matted beard,



and sunken eyes, prevented a fair estimate of his age, yet he could not, even from his then deplorable appearance, have passed fifty, although the debility and infirmity with which he seemed sinking, indicated a much more advanced period of life. There was something altogether so loathsome and repelling in his appearance, that a mind, ungifted with more than ordinary force of imagination, might have believed him to have been suddenly disgorged by the earth, particles of which were hanging from his shaggy locks and twisted beard, and seemed to proclaim his proper element.

As it was the strict command of the minister that no question should ever be put to any individuals seeking for shelter under his roof, that might tend to embarrass either the partaker or the bestower of the bounty, the whole household remained in ignorance of the circumstances or condition of the refugee. The general opinion seemed to be, that he was one of the wretched beings that had deserted from the English camp, and who were playing at hide and seek in the caves and caverns of the



Hebrides, exposed not only to the horrors of famine, but the continual apprehension of being discovered, and shot as deserters.

Upon food being placed before the unhappy wanderer, he would, had he been allowed, have eaten voraciously ; he had, however, scarcely eaten a mouthful, ere either the fume of the meat, or the heat of the room, joined to his utter exhaustion, overwhelmed him, and he sank into a state of insensibility, from which he was with difficulty recovered.

In this state, almost unconscious of existence, he continued for several days, when, by the Samaritan-like attentions of the minister and his kind-hearted family, he became sensible of surrounding objects, though incapable of moving a limb. As his mental energies returned, remarkable personal graces developed themselves. The wanness and ghastliness of his visage sank into an interesting though sickly paleness ; his forehead, before concealed by his thick and entangled locks, now discovered itself, polished, high, and authoritative ; his eyes under-



went a no less miraculous metamorphosis, their deadly hollowness were now filled with orbs of a mild and beautiful blue, which cast a brilliancy and animation at once bespeaking high station and elevated intellect. He seemed to have leaped at once from the decrepitude of sixty, back to the glories and bloom of a thirtieth summer. When able to return thanks for the attentions he had received, they were delivered with the air of one who knew their value, and in the language and address which recognized him as belonging to the superior circles of society. Yet, notwithstanding an habitual suavity, there was in his handsome countenance and polished manner a deep dejection and restraint, which betrayed an incessant and almost overwhelming anxiety.

His apparent rank seemed to demand the highest respect that could be evinced, and he was accordingly assigned a place at the family board. His reverend host had for a long time suspected the stranger guest to be of contrary political principles to his own, and had, therefore, carefully avoided those



topics, which were naturally then the prevailing theme of the country. In this politic behaviour he was considerably strengthened by the restraint with which the stranger governed his conversation, which, flowing and graceful at all times, he seemed always to curb on points that might lead to popular discussions.

Upon one occasion, when one of the ladies had inadvertently alluded to "the Battle of Culloden," his features were rapidly convulsed with confusion and agitation, which, when subsided, seemed to have heightened the deeply marked melancholy they invariably manifested. Believing his emotion to have been observed, he filled his glass, and drank to "the good cause," an example every one at the table followed.

Curiosity is not always the inhabitant of the weak man's breast, yet it sometimes gains the interior of the citadel in that of the most vigilant; it so far influenced the worthy pastor as to make him forgetful of the risk to which he should subject both himself and his guest, by any imprudent disclosure



on the part of the latter. He now became an object of so much speculation, and his history seemed associated with so much mystery, that Mr. Gordon could not resist the impulse he felt to ascertain the real character and rank of the refugee, and for which an opportunity seemed afforded by the equivocality of the toast. With a little awkwardness of manner, but in a tone which invited confidence, he inquired "which he considered the good cause?"

A mixture of emotion and surprise shaded for a moment the face of the unknown, but he promptly replied, in an impressive voice, and with a solemnity of manner, "that which a man's own feelings dictate, and which his conscience approves of."

"Now indeed I know you!" exclaimed Gordon, as he caught his hand, and filling his glass to the brim, proposed a toast, which he said no honest heart could refuse. As he uttered "King George the Second," the stranger averted his head, till it became necessary to fill his glass. The awkward predicament into which the inadvertency of the



pastor had thrown the young man, now became extremely painful to every one at table, as advantage apparently seemed taken of his defenceless situation, till he relieved them from their embarrassment by preparing to drink.

It was evident from his countenance that, during the short interval from the time the toast was given, till he evinced his readiness to follow, an internal conflict had taken place. A sentiment of subdued pride and dignified mildness, that almost approached to devotion, blended into his features as he raised his glass and prepared to speak; for the moment something appeared to choke his utterance—the struggle was, however, momentary, and he reiterated with fervour—"King George the Second."

It would be difficult to determine from this simple occurrence, whether the suspicions of Mr. Gordon were increased or diminished—they still existed. The ladies of his family, particularly his daughter, who, from her having been educated in the metropolis, could not but feel the seclusion in which her family resided as rather monotonous,



knew well how to appreciate the society of so elegant and accomplished a man as their guest. There was a calm simplicity in his manner that was not distant from dignity ;—majesty seemed to hover round his forehead, while elegance directed the movement of every limb.

He was besides familiar with the continental languages, and did not appear ignorant of the fine arts ; but what principally heightened the mystery thrown around this extraordinary being, was his flow of conversation. He seemed as familiar with the manners and pursuits of the highest classes of society, as he was with those of the lowest grade. It was a seeming impossibility to collect from his scattered anecdotes and observations, whether he was the native of a hut or a palace—between these two extremes there was no medium, no definite outline ; if he attempted to represent himself as a common-place individual, the cheat seemed too palpable to be successfully sustained ; either the chivalrous commander of a patriotic band, or the leader of a romantic brigand party, seemed to be the alternatives



suggested at his expense in the minds of the minister's family.

Either an inward consciousness of returning strength, or a delicacy he felt in intruding further upon the hospitality of his kind protector, determined the stranger to express his intention of pursuing his journey. Neither of the ladies were backward in urging the solicitation of the pastor, for him to remain in the Manse until his health and vigour were completely restored.

It was but natural that the family should be averse to lose the society of a well bred and educated inmate, shut out as they were from the world in their almost uncivilized seclusion, and particularly as their interest for the object was one of no common nature. By their care and their kindness he had been snatched as it were from a premature grave, and they felt, and indeed were entitled to feel, an interest for his future welfare. But solicitude of a more retiring, though of a not less flattering description, was displayed in the shy and timid glances of the warm-hearted Marian,



which seemed fearful of telling too much, and yet despairing of being understood.

Romance in some minds is not only the offspring but the parent of love; it is one of those few occurrences in the history of the human heart, where the cause cannot be separated from the effect. Marian had from her infancy been accustomed unconsciously to examine her feelings, and habits of reflection had almost insensibly grown upon her, when the extraordinary introduction of the unknown to her family took place. When she thought of the noble majestic being which seemed to have sprung from the very ruins of humanity, she saw, what appeared to her highly coloured fancy, a breathing testimony of supernatural power, and her feelings, at all times elevated, yielded to a flood of rapturous conjectures. It is this secret charm that attends the incipient working of the passion, to love to enfold the object in as much mystery as it will admit of—to behold it in every form imagination can present, so as to give the thoughts but one colour, and to rivet its seal effectually on every



feeling. Was it not possible he might be some high-born adherent of that cause which was dearest to her own heart—there were many such, she knew, scattered friendless and in want over the country—some sharer of the misfortunes and vicissitudes of the Prince—or was it not possible he might be Charles Edward himself? Indeed, all her speculations were ideal, yet natural to a character which saw every thing in its strongest hue, and gave to vague uncertainty the importance and belief of reality.

Whoever the object of her divination was in reality, he did not appear ignorant or insensible of the sympathy he had awakened in the highly-wrought soul of the beautiful girl, but so far from seeking to entwine himself more closely with her feelings, he seemed anxious lest his attentions should be construed, or that the overflowings of his gratitude should be mistaken for the impulses of a warmer feeling. The deep-seated melancholy and reserve which stamped his features, appeared to have rendered his passions so exclusive with him-



self, that he could not associate his own with the breathings of another soul, as if he was a branch lopped off from the general tree of society.

Although there was nothing in his manner that might be construed into affection, yet it was as equally remote from coldness or insensibility—rather speaking of the volcano that was slumbering within, than of the burning blood of immediate passion.

Indeed, the utter desolation of heart—the visible impossibility of its harbouring within its gloomy caverns a cheering ray of hope, so far from quenching an inspired feeling, too frequently deepens and refines it—for that fire, so dear to a woman's soul, like the visible element, spreads more fiercely by the efforts which are “made to extinguish it.” The distinction which he showed in making her some confidential disclosures, did not appear to bring to the gentle girl that happiness which she had so earnestly sought to receive and communicate.

She might originally have been influenced by love, for under what form will not that subtle thief



of repose insinuate an entrance into the heart? Religion, faith, pity, gratitude—nay, even hatred itself, are often mistaken for its consuming flame, but the fulness of her soul disdained what appeared to be an exclusive feeling. There was an intent, deep breathing manner with her whenever she addressed him—a minglement of awe and devotion. Her father, aware of her real predilection, and still unacquainted with the real character of the stranger, felt some degree of uneasiness at the confidence which appeared to exist between them.

If she had been made the repository of the secret, it was not accordant to the principles of his beloved child to withhold any thing from him, although the restraint visible in her behaviour seemed to favour the impression that she had.

It had been frequently observed in his family, that the unknown never went abroad until it was dusk, or when any part of the family was stirring. He had, however, been seen conversing with individuals, whose rank in life was far beneath his own, sometimes with soldiers of the royal army, and at



others with spies, said to be connected with those of the opposite party. From many inadvertencies which had escaped him, he appeared to entertain a strong predilection for the house then enjoying the throne, and yet, upon the circulation of a report that a cavalier of the Pretender's party, and generally believed to be Charles Edward himself, was captured in the hut of the notorious Kennedy, his emotion was excessive.

The rumour appeared in some measure authenticated, from the well-known fact of the Chevalier having upon more than one occasion put himself under the protection of these desperate characters, as well as from the circumstance of their den having, for some time past, been surrounded by numerous parties of the royal army. The fidelity of both father and son, displayed on this occasion, is well worthy of commemoration. The splendid bribe of thirty thousand pounds was offered to either, on the apprehension of the Prince, or for any intelligence respecting the place of his



concealment, together with a free pardon to both, not only for the active share they had taken in the rebellion, but also for the many flagrant excesses of which they had previously and subsequently been guilty.

Both bribes were sturdily and indignantly refused. Threats were then tried, but neither gold, persuasion, nor dread of punishment could shake their allegiance to their unfortunate chieftain. After every temptation and alarm had proved equally unavailing, they charged the son with the theft of a cow, and threatened him with immediate death, unless he confessed the place of the Chevalier's refuge. Spurning the offer with disdain, the young man was dragged from the resolute gripe of his father to a summary punishment. Young Kennedy heard his fate with an air of dogged and sullen indifference, and the father seemed equally insensible. Part of the file then moved off for the intended place of execution, while others laid in ambush, near the wilds of



Glengary, where it was said some part of the Chevalier's army were still concealed, and the remainder were billeted on Mr. Gordon, and immediately proceeded to the Manse.



## CHAPTER VI.

THE night that followed was awful beyond description; the wind literally yelled, as if Heaven, angry with the scene of desolation, was pouring forth the vials of its wrath on the heads of the perpetrators. In such a night as this, when

“Beast, man, and worm  
Had crept out of the storm,”

a young female, thinly clad, and otherwise ill-prepared to combat with the fury of the elements, was making her way through the frightful scenery of Glengary. That female was Marian Gordon!

She had precipitately left her father's house upon hearing from one of the officers, quartered at the Manse, of the capture of the younger Kennedy, and that it was the intention of the Royalists to take the hut of the robbers by surprise, as a straggling rebel had confessed that the Prince had



slept there frequently after the battle of Culloden. The intelligence was listened to by Marian with an absorbing interest, and from motives either of affection to the stranger, or to the cause to which she knew he was an adherent, she determined, whatever might be the danger or the difficulty she might encounter, to apprise the inmates of the hut of their approaching danger.

If the loftiness of the soul of Marian Gordon could ever have been estimated by one of lesser power, it must have been in this instance. Alone, in the depth of a boisterous and awful night, unprotected, and stealing from her father's roof to undertake a journey of near five miles, through a country frightfully dangerous—beset by spies and blood-hounds—and, to wind up the climax of these startling horrors, to have to plunge into the den of a robber, in order to meet the object of her soul's devotion. If he was not there, she would be in the power of a fierce and lawless barbarian. At this dreadful thought, every difficulty and danger, from which the female heart ever shrank, seemed to



environ her, but she determined on driving them  
 all. Uncertain of her course, through a bramble,  
 heathery and briar, she clambered over the raggy  
 soil, till her shoes and stockings were torn from her  
 feet. The thorns and flints cut so, that she bled  
 profusely at every step she took, yet still her heart  
 failed not within her, as she pursued her dark and  
 eventful course, which was only perceptible by an  
 occasional flash of lightning.  
 Thrice she avoided a dark moving figure which  
 glided within a stone's throw of her—more than  
 thrice a yawning abyss, the frequent abode of rob-  
 bers or blood-hounds. Often, while the falling of  
 some distant cascade, or the muttering of the  
 coming thunder reverberated dismally on her ears,  
 would she stop irresolute whether to turn back or  
 proceed, for with more than her sex's energy, and  
 devotion, Marian was woman still. But a spell of  
 irresistible impulse seemed to drive her forward,  
 and to make her think the perils that certainly  
 surrounded her, trivial to that which was impend-  
 ing over the head of her beloved.



Once after climbing up a steep and stony ascent, she found herself on the brink of a precipice, which the darkness of the night had veiled from her; recoiling at the horror which she had so miraculously escaped, she fell backwards a considerable height. She might have remained here till death had put an end to her sufferings, had she not been aroused by the report of a musket, and a ball which whizzed over her head. The shock was electrical, she felt an immediate excitement, and proceeded on her perilous undertaking. As she drew nearer to the brushwood, where she had heard the hiding place of the Kennedies was situated, all the preceding horrors seemed doubled. Summoning up the whole of her resolution she bent her steps to the entrance of the cavern.

In her approach, she became environed by prickly briars, which, fastening to her dress, she endeavoured in vain to extricate herself from, and in her attempt created some slight noise. To her consternation, she heard an alarm sounded from under the brushwood, and lights seemed to dart



from under her feet. In a minute afterwards she heard a shrill voice, answered by several others. Breathless with horror she sank powerless on the earth, and felt herself seized by some rough but powerful being ; her agitation prevented her from screaming or begging for mercy ; she had no other idea but that of instant death, and the certainty of its occurrence seemed to overpower her faculties.

Her insensibility was but momentary, and she experienced all the horrors of consciousness in finding herself conveyed down a subterraneous passage. A watchword being given, a door flew open as it were from the cavity in the rock, and she was in the midst of a low and gloomy cavern, dimly perceptible by the wan light of a lamp which was suspended from the top.

Round the remains of a fire in one corner were lying, in forms which appeared to her bewildered imagination any thing but natural, a group of savage and ferocious looking beings. Their visages were for the most part dark and squalid, from the fetid air of the cavern ; their eyes gleamed with a



deadly fierceness from beneath their shaggy overhanging brows, while their red muscular necks, thickly covered with grizzly hair—their black belts studded with pistols and cutlasses—completed a picture, which none but a Salvator would not have shuddered in beholding. Horrible as the scene was, it was comparatively trifling to the fiendish laugh they set up, when their brutal comrade threw her quivering body on the unpaved hearth; it seemed as if she had heard her own death-knell rung, and their low mutterings knocked with a dismal horror on her faltering heart. Death had been till then her worst apprehension; she now prayed for it as the best favour Heaven could bestow.

The man who had been pointed out to her as the elder Kennedy once before, claimed her, as captain of the gang, while the wretch by whom she was captured refused concession, on the score of her being his prize, by virtue of earliest possession.

Hardly conscious that she was the object, a



clashing of swords followed a short, but stormy altercation, and a violent combat ensued.

During these terrific moments her presence of mind returned with extraordinary force, and she immediately looked about her in hopes of meeting with some means for escape. When the dreadful assurance that none could be effected flashed in fearful intensity upon her brain, she prostrated herself, calling on her God for His deliverance. While she continued in fervent prayer, a well-known voice exclaimed from the recesses of the cavern—

“Fools, fools, put up your playthings! would you betray me with their clattering?” Those words—that tone—that thrill which it awakened in her heart, were not to be mistaken; but, in the agony of her desperation, she felt as if every nerve and muscle was tightened to its utmost; and she remained in the posture she fell, unable to speak, breathe, or stir. The one loved form stood before her.



"Marian!"—In another instant she is in his arms;—he strains her to his breast, and the life-blood gushes once more freely and warmly round her heart.

After the first rapturous burst of recognition had subsided, she acquainted the unknown of the dangers with which he was surrounded, by the intended search of the military.

"And is it possible that you, wonderful girl, could have ventured from your home, on a night like this, alone and unprotected, over a frightfully dangerous country, and in danger of being shot by lurking spies, roaming like hungry wolves for blood, and to a place——" He stopped—looked around—and shuddered.

She could not speak; but if she could have reproached him, her looks seemed to say, "could you have doubted me?" At length, exclaimed the delighted girl—"Speak not of my danger, *you* are safe; but I hear footsteps—they approach—but they shall not tear me away: in life—in death



—thou art still my—no—my lord.” She had swooned in his arms.

The cause of her alarm was only the inmates of the cavern preparing to start. Assured of *his* safety, she soon recovered her senses, when a new source of difficulty presented itself, as to the plan by which she could be conveyed safely back to the Manse, as she obstinately refused that the stranger should accompany her. The task was gratefully accepted by Colonel Stewart and his friend Hamilton, still brothers in adversity, who were among those who had sought for refuge in the den, after finding their retreat in the cave suspected.

Before the morning which succeeded this eventful night had arrived, a troop of Royalists had completely beset the cave, threatening to fire it unless the fugitives immediately surrendered.

“Fire awa, mon, the de’il bit o’ guid ye’ll get by’t,” answered a voice from within; the invitation was accepted rather more promptly than the old man expected. Upon his rushing forth from the brush-



wood, which was now in a blaze, he was seized by several of the soldiers; in vain he desperately resisted, he was soon overpowered, and securely captured.

"It is not you that we want—'tis the skulk, your son; bring him forth, old man, or else," exclaimed the serjeant, pointing to a newly erected gallows, "from that tree, before another hour goes by, your bairn shall dangle; he has been courting Moll Blood this many a day, and now he's wedded to her at last."

The old man surveyed the group and the fearful preparation with a callous indifference, that might have been mistaken for heroic resolution, and continued in a sullen silence.

"Yes! and as he, till now, has followed your example so dutifully, you old sinner, you shall take a swing to keep him company; 'twere a shame to part so affectionate a couple." A brutal laugh followed; but their prisoner, with a look of bitter triumph, drew up his aged form, and replied—

"Had I fifty sons, and ilka fifty lives, each



would I lay down with this sinewless hand, ere I sold my Prince to butchers like ye!"

"Throttle him! throttle him!" resounded through the troops.

"No, no," was the serjeant's reply; his warrant only extending to the younger Kennedy, and he was one who never suffered his wit or his valour to carry him beyond the strict letter of his order (especially when nothing was to be got by it); and yet, like a cat who has some poor wretch of a mouse in her claws which she is afraid to kill, but likes to have as much sport as she can with it, he determined, as long as he was able, to carry on his game of tantalization.

"Bring forth that pattern of grace, we'll be unpolite enough to let the young man swing first, by way of giving the old one time to say his prayers. Look sharp, thou father of iniquity," turning to the elder man, "for thou hast a long account to settle, and the devil is waiting for his due."

The younger Kennedy was then dragged forward, chained and handcuffed. He surveyed the



preparations that were going forward with an air of dogged indifference, as if careless for whom they were intended, till his eye caught sight of the gibbet, as it reared its grim form from the adjoining brushwood. He started—and his features underwent a ghastly convulsion; but he immediately regained his habitual air of sullen stupidity, and burst into a loud and scornful laugh—

“Aha! a good joke, indeed, a serjeant in arms and sixty southrons, brave men of war, to hang one poor deevil of a hie’lander.”

“Two, if you please, young gentleman,” interrupted the serjeant, whose wit and whose courage were always the keenest when the most secure; “your papa,” pointing to the old man, “intends taking a trip to the other world along with you. You see,” he continued, swinging to and fro the halter, “we are about harnessing the nag that’s to carry you there.”

“What? auld mon as weel?” involuntarily burst from the robber, as a touch of nature went thrilling for the first time through his coarse na-



ture, and he rushed forward to embrace his father. The guards around the latter immediately pointed their bayonets, and he recurred to his former position, from which he was soon disturbed, and led to the foot of the gibbet.

While the rope was being fixed round the neck of the culprit, the offer of the reward for the Prince's apprehension was again made to the father.

"Once for all, old man, will you save your own life? will you save your son's life? Say, where lies hid the Chevalier, and fortune and pardon shall be yours for the remainder of your lives. Already the rope is round his neck—a moment of deliberation costs him his life—speak the word, and he lives—look, look—they are drawing him up—speak, speak, or you are your son's murderer."

The old man, after a convulsive struggle, hid his face in his hands, as if fearful of trusting his eyes with an object that might relax his resolution.

"Nay, father—mind me not—the Prince!"

"None but a Stuart shall be the king!"—(the



voice stopped)—once more exclaimed the tempter—  
“speak the word—see, his face blackens—how hide-  
ously he groans—d’ye hear the rattling in his  
throat?”

Kennedy remained silent, but dreadfully con-  
vulsed, his hand still clinched in desperate agony  
over his eyes—while the beating of his heart might  
be distinctly heard.

“He ’s yet to be saved—speak but the word.”

As if summoning up the powers of speech from  
the depths of his inmost soul, like a volcano burst-  
ing, he exclaimed—“Never!” Scarcely had the  
word spent itself in the air before—

“Charles Edward shall be king!” like the last  
blast of a whirlwind rung upon his ears. A deadly  
silence ensued—not a breath seemed drawn—all  
told that the struggle was over. Two or three  
of the soldiers now forcibly removed his hands from  
his eyes, and pointed to the gallows from which the  
body remained suspended, like a huge blackened  
log of wood in the air. The old man gazed on the  
lifeless stem with a look of vacant horror—his eyes



and mouth seemed distended as if they were never to relapse into their natural situation. "Thank God, I who never thanked God before," he remained motionless, and upon one of the soldiers touching him, he fell on his face, and was carried away without it being known whether he was alive or dead. Thus was hanged, for a cow not worth forty shillings, one who had virtue enough to resist thirty thousand pounds!

Ere the sun which viewed this bloody tragedy had risen, it was evident that the coast of Iock-Namach was about to be a scene of no common interest. A sloop with her sails prepared for immediate embarkation, at a short distance from the shore, was visible, attended by a few smaller vessels. Groups of peasants peeped from the fissures of the rock, while the strand, forming the fore-ground of the scene, was covered with the few remaining adherents of the Pretender. All was dimly perceptible through the uncertain twilight of the coming day, and the haze which still surrounded the coast. The waves beat mournfully against the shore, and



the breeze, though strong, seemed to sweep along with a melancholy earnestness over the watery expanse. As the morning was bursting from the east, a general murmur, hardly approaching to a buzz, seemed to solve the mystery. The spectators lined each side of the path from the rock to the shore, and a small party approached. First, Lochiel, the warlike chief of the Camerons; then followed the brother of the Pretender; next John Roy Stewart and his inseparable friend Hamilton; after them Sheridan and Sullivan, and a few others, either less known, or with their faces hid in their tartans, although the minister of Alvey, his daughter, and their unknown guest were perceptible; and these closed the melancholy procession. As the foremost of the party entered into the files of the spectators, all unbombed, and many a silent "God bless you," many a hasty gripe was bestowed. It was easy to perceive that a strong and general feeling agitated the whole of the spectators, which they dared not vent, and scarcely knew how to restrain.



But when the last of the group approached, a palpable commotion took place. "'Tis he, 'tis he," was whispered from ear to ear in rapid succession ; in a moment every knee was bent to the ground, while each head was uplifted towards Heaven, as if asking for safety and welfare. For an instant the individual thus honoured was surrounded—his hands and his garments were repeatedly kissed. Turning round so as to display the whole of his form, and spreading forth his hands, as if to include all, he lifted up his eyes, which were streaming with tears, and ejaculated a few hurried words ; then, hiding his face, he rushed to the shore. One general groan burst from the group, like that of a nation when it surrenders up its only hope.

The greatest part of the fugitives were in the different boats, which were making their way rapidly to the vessel—only one remained. At this moment files of the English troops appeared gaining the rocks.

"Be quick, or you are lost," exclaimed a voice, which declared the presence of Marian Gordon. The



rowers seized their oars—the stranger is on the plank—to his heart he is pressing his beautiful deliverer. “Farewell—Heaven guide you!” as she dashed from him; “see, the soldiers present their pieces.”

Convulsively grasping Gordon, the stranger exclaimed—

“The son of your king bids you farewell. When the God of Heaven and of right, places him on the throne of his ancestors, you will behold him once more.”

A loud shriek followed—the boat sprung for ever from the shore. The stranger was Charles Edward, grandson of James the Second, King of England.







## A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

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“Poverty dwells next door to despair! there’s but a wall  
between them.”

DECKAR.







## A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

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THERE was never a happier family than that of John Eaton ; it consisted of himself, his wife, and six children. Eaton was by trade a compositor, and was principally employed in the printing office of a country newspaper. As his occupation seldom engaged him after sunset, his evenings were invariably spent with his family—occasionally, when the season was suitable, in cultivating the little garden contiguous to his dwelling, and at other times in reading to the dear ones for their entertainment or instruction, and in watching the progress they had made in the education which his own abilities and scanty means afforded. John had a large family, but he had a good stock of health, and never wanted employment, so that by his own temper-



ance, and his wife's excellent management; they not only lived within the bounds of his earnings, but were also enabled to lay by occasionally a trifle towards the establishment of their children in business.

While in the enjoyment of these blessings, added to the inestimable one of a conscience which never robbed its owner of a moment's repose, John felt an honest and sincere pride. It was a harmless weakness, and perhaps flowed from the kindest fountains of his nature;—perhaps, too, he had some reason for being proud.

He was proud of a careful and affectionate wife; and of a son, who, though of a delicate frame of body, possessed a superior and (considering his humble station) a cultivated mind, and who had arrived at almost a sufficient age to be, as his parent expressed, with something like exultation, “off his hands.” If the father looked forward to this period with satisfaction, it was also the proudest wish of the boy's heart, for the tears would moisten his



eyes when he contemplated the joy he should feel when he should throw into his mother's lap the first fruits of his industry.

Let the worldling smile with contempt, and the child of fortune with pity at the homeliness of the boy's ambition; they can never taste the ecstacy of so pure, and so natural a joy. Eaton looked too with an air of paternal pride on his daughter, a fair blossom of fourteen summers, blooming with all the radiance, but with little of the rude health of a rustic Hebe.

There was a delicacy of form and complexion in all of Eaton's children; but in the opening charms of Ediza, there was a beautiful fragility, which, though graceful and interesting in the extreme, seemed rather out of character in one of her situation in life.

"Roses and lilies are, I must confess, but very trite similes of country beauties; but until nature is willing to give us something more beautiful, I shall resist these rival queens of the garden to illustrate my little favourite.



In her cheek you might view all the transparent freshness of her blushing prototype, with all the brilliant softness and retiring timidity of the emblem of purity. Her hair was of a light chestnut colour, and whether nature had, in this instance, been equally generous, or that the possessor had bestowed a little of the pains which young women generally take, in order that one charm may be in keeping with another, I know not, but it flowed in graceful, and seemingly negligent, tresses round her beautiful shoulders, as if to protect their spotless whiteness from the too ardent gaze of any libertine, chartered or unchartered. Her eyes were of a light clear hazel, and, when their long lashes would permit them, beamed with the softest and most bewitching innocence. Indeed she was a delicate creature, and in the circle of her family all seemed unconsciously to consider her as something of a superior nature. When with them, a habit of thought and reflection characterized her simplest actions, and when away (which was not frequent), she was all tremor and bashfulness, and



shrunk from the admiration she created with all the shy timidity of a young fawn rambling from the side of its dam. She had acquired, whether fortunately or not, a taste for reading, and greedily sought for every opportunity to indulge it, without sacrificing the many little domestic duties, the performance of which, rendered their home, as her father would say, a paradise in itself.

The reader may smile at Eaton's circumscribed notions of felicity, but did he but behold him after the labour of the day was over, enjoying his evening with his family, the sceptic would have less cause for his incredulity. Behold him then, in his small but comfortable kitchen, where cleanliness and neatness seemed the presiding deities; his beautiful Eliza reading aloud to her relatives—her brothers gazing on her with affectionate admiration—while his wife pursued her knitting by the fire-side; his two little boys climbing round his knee, while the other children, seated on their stools, near their parents' feet, remained in silent attention to the story, or lesson, which fell from their sister's lips.



Yes, John was proud, but pride never appeared in a more amiable guise. His heart swelled within him as he looked around, and his eyes overflowed with its fulness. Could it be possible that the course of such feelings as these were ever to be turned? That he, the favoured one of Providence, could ever prove ungrateful! Alas! the desolating wind has withered the fairest meadow, and the worm has undermined the loveliest scene of happiness.

Another twelvemonth was added to the many which had already passed so happily away, when an event occurred, from which may be traced all the subsequent miseries that chastened this amiable family. Some speculating individuals settled at D—, with the intention of establishing a paper, diametrically opposite in principle to those professed by the one on which Eaton was employed. He wished well of his country and his king, but never troubled his head about politics; he knew he was loyally inclined, and felt pleased that he supported himself and his family by means of an



organ, which disseminated the same principles as those which governed his own bosom.

Eaton, since his family had increased, had become a member of one of those amicable associations, known as Friendly Societies. His motive for doing so was a highly commendable one, as it enabled him to form a small fund at stipulated periods, which, should death, sickness, or the want of employment, ever overtake him, would be a certain resource for his family. As the club was principally composed of quiet individuals, of the same principles as his own, he felt a pleasure in their occasional meetings, without regretting their infrequency.

Unfortunately, the workmen employed in the rival establishment became members, and they carried with their subscription money the principles they endeavoured to promulgate. They consisted of those discontented and infatuated individuals, who abandon their own homes in endeavouring to reform the government of a nation. Thus political topics, before unmeddled with, became agitated, and in



this novel excitement John, for the first time, felt a pleasure in which he could not offer his family to participate. He became restless, when unemployed in discussing popular affairs, and, as he looked with increased zest for the club nights, the endearments that awaited him at home began to lose their delicious hold in his affections. His mind, occupied with the arguments he had heard, which were too extensive for him to grapple with, and as his antagonists were better skilled in debating and political tact than himself, he was frequently worsted; and when he found that he could not subdue, he felt convinced that his cause, and not his own power, was the occasion of his failure.

Too easily did the unfortunate man fall into the snare purposely laid for him. He was promised plenty of employment if he would abandon his present situation, which, as his heart was too honest to support a cause which was inimicable to his feelings, he readily consented to. Thus soon did he become a convert to the political chimeras of this misguided party.



There was but one step more to put him on an equality with themselves, which was to inculcate on their victim's soul their religious principles. It seems the curse of wickedness, that it must not only be wretched in itself, but seeks to make others so, as the serpent, conscious of its venomous power, delights in discharging its poison on every object its gloating eye rests upon.

Eaton had never been aware of the sect to which his new acquaintances belonged, religious affairs appearing always to have been avoided in their conversations. At length he ventured to inquire of one, whom he considered the best informed amongst them, of the name of Stewart, a man whom he respected for the superiority of his intellect, but feared for his skill in exciting levity and contempt.

As soon as he heard the well-meaning question of Eaton, he burst into a scornful laugh, and exclaimed—“Religion! What, do you think enlightened beings are to be led by the nose? No, no. Priest-craft, in the age of reason, is too palpable a humbug for men of intellect to be gulled by.”



"What?" cried Eaton, in an honest alarm, "are you infidels? Do you belong to no religion? And had he beheld the cloven foot he could not have regarded him more distrustfully than on my beast."

The man of intellect only regarded him with an appearance of pity, as he answered, "We submit to the religion of Nature, and acknowledge her dictates and an universal God."

"That is to say," interrupted Eaton, with a mixture of hope and returning confidence, "you worship the Lord your God, through his Son, our Saviour."

The sceptic regarded him with a look of shifting contempt, and, as if ashamed of associating with one whose principles he despised, turned on his heel to leave him.

Happy would it have been for John had he suffered him to have done so; happy would the poor fluctuating wretch have remained, if he had had nerve enough to have departed without a vain hope of conquering his opponent. Unfortunately, he stayed to hear arguments which had been studiously



laid to rest him, and finally abandoned his own faith for that which had but the name of one. <sup>107</sup> <sup>97</sup> But soon discovered that the creed he now professed put no restraint on his conduct, and left him to the guidance of his own passions—the spring which the sceptics called Reason. <sup>108</sup> <sup>98</sup> But was he happy in his new faith? Did he meet his wife with the same light step and cheerful eye as he was wont? Did he kiss his children with the same fondness as when his bosom was “unenlightened by reason?” Did he press his lovely daughter to his heart as when he beheld her when they both bowed down to the same God, and uttered the same prayer? Did he feel the same calm satisfaction, and did the same holy quietude steal over him when he laid his head on his pillow, as when after he had, with his own little ones, repeated the same thanksgiving? He beheld them pray indeed, and seemed to pray himself, but his own heart recoiled at his hypocrisy; he felt he dared not address a God whom he had voluntarily abandoned—that God towards whom he was now a convicted traitor.



When he met his children, he looked at them as a thief regards those whom he has injured, as if he had already deprived them of their happiness and peace of mind.

His home, from being his earthly paradise, as he had once called it, became hateful to him. His wife and children, that once made him proud of existence, now became so many causes of his misery ; he could not meet their glances without shame, and each fond embrace of theirs went as a rankling stab to his distracted heart.

“ Wretch as I am ! ” he mentally exclaimed, “ why was I ever undeceived ? Why was I not permitted to remain in ignorance and delusion ? When I was a Christian, though they tell me I was a fool for being so, did it do me harm, or make me unhappy ? No—blessed delusion ; it kept me from sin, it taught me ‘ to love my neighbour as myself ; ’ my heart sat lightly in my breast, and I could press to it, without a pang, my wife and children, but now it recoils at them, as if I shed pollution. The day I spent cheerfully in labour, the evening in de-



licious repose ; but now, forsaken as I am, throughout the day I am discontented and wretched, and my nights are but witnesses of my wretchedness. Oh ! happy days of ignorance and delusion, and a curse to the hand that removed the veil from my eyes."

Mark the fascination of guilt : the unhappy being felt he was miserable, he knew it was the monster infidelity which was gnawing at his heart—he knew the means of removing it, yet he hesitated at employing them.

Wonder not, but rather guard against the first approaches of sin. If you once suffer your eyes to contemplate the wily monster, they will remain fixed—charmed as they would be with the glance of the rattle-snake—nor will you be able to take them off, till ruin and destruction have reared their ghastly forms before you.

His companions taught him to consider labour as an act unworthy of the dignity of a creature endowed with reason—as an exaction enforced by the rich and the powerful.



"By what law, human or divine," they would ask, "are you to work like a beast in the field, when your squire lies loling at his ease, in the enjoyment of every luxury? Has not Nature made you of the same material as his own lordly self—of the same pulses, feelings, and affections—with appetites to crave, and powers to enjoy?"

Thus would these zealots rave; and by such flimsy sophistry was the weak mind, though good heart of Eaton overcome, till they led him, like a passive unresisting victim, from one excess to another, till he abandoned his employment, and became as dissolute and departed as themselves.

In the repelling haunts of vice we will not trace his footsteps, but leave him for a while, to take a glance at the cottage, once described as the home of happiness and peace. Was it such now? Oh, no! The sirocco of a father's desertion had swept away all vestiges of those the most exquisite feelings of the heart.

James, the eldest boy, was now in his seventeenth year, and had a generous and feeling heart, but in



consequence of a fever he was subject to, contributed but little to the means of his family's existence; the knowledge of which, was the bane of the boy's own heart, and his fading form and sunken cheek told truly, that the course of his father's altered life was the corroding pang that consumed his life's blood. He never heard his father's name but his face burned with the remembrance of his shame.

Elice increased in amiability and loveliness, but the beauty which her mother, in all the affectionate pride of a parent's heart, once gazed on so fondly, now became a source of deep and fearful interest. She felt it to be a fatal dowry, even with the purest principles, and she saw, from her husband's fate, that the best of hearts may be corrupted, and shuddered when she thought that the pristine pride of virginity, that gave the ineffable sweetness to her girl, depended on the dangerous tenure of her personal beauty.

But why do I linger over these scenes of happiness, if happiness can exist with apprehension—



for happiness they were in comparison with those which succeeded. The support of the family had for a long while depended on the unfortunate wife of the deluded Eaton. Unaccustomed to bodily labour, and of a naturally slight form, the exertion, joined to the continual excitement of her mind, became too much for her, and she sank under it, and became the prey of a dangerous illness.

The family were soon reduced to a dreadful state of want; James, the eldest, was lying powerless in one room, and the mother as helpless in another, and the nearly famished children were clinging round the unfortunate Eliza, when the miserable cause of these horrors entered the cottage for the first time for a preceding fortnight.

His look was that of a lowering drunkard, evidently suffering from a recent debauch. His handkerchief was twisted loosely round his neck, his clothes seemed hastily put on, his gait was staggering, and his eyes bleared with a distempered fire. He had withdrawn from the club the night before the last stake of the earnings he had deposited



there, and had spent every shilling in a riotous revel with his companions but an hour before he entered the house.

Desperate, merciless, reckless, and infuriated with liquor, he went there for the means of enabling him to continue his debauchery, when he beheld the scene we have above described. At the moment of his entering the door, he had parted with one of his chosen friends, and had heard him curse God without shuddering, and he stalked into the cottage with a spirit cast into a gloomy despair, and a soul fit for any purpose.

But when on one side, he saw the wife of his bosom, "that bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh," whom he had sworn before the high altar of Heaven to love and to cherish, stretched on the pallet of misery, ghastly, emaciated, and to all appearance dead—his boy, who was once the pride of his heart, with sunken eye and hollow cheek, and praying, as if dissolution was creeping over him, hide his face beneath the coverlid when he gazed on him—his children clinging round the



beautiful creature, whom he blushed to remember as his child. When he heard his wife, ignorant of his presence, faintly calling upon Heaven to bring him to repentance—his son, beseeching that power to open his father's heart—and his little ones hisping "Pray God forgive our father, and give us bread"—he dashed his head frantically against the wall, and uttered—"Oh God! Oh God! have mercy on the wretch who has abandoned Thee!"

"Oh religion! what a triumph was there! In our moment fell to nothingness the arguments, the sophistries, and the deep-drawn schemes of his betrayers. When Eaton partially recovered from the blow, he was no longer a Deist; he was agonized but repentant sinner. He rushed manfully out of the house, and soon returned with some refreshment, which was greedily welcomed by his famished family.

"With all its weakness, the heart of John was good, and when he beheld the ruin and devastation his own criminal folly had occasioned, he sank on a chair and wept like a child.



"But," exclaimed he, as if goaded by a sudden impulse, and starting up, "this is no reparation for my guilt; where shall I get another meal for you?" He snatched up his hat and was out of the house in another instant. His first impulse was to apply for a renewal of his engagement at the printing office—he was coolly refused; he then offered himself as a workman of the lowest and most servile description; but he perceived he was regarded by all as a loathsome and infectious being. The report of his becoming an infidel was promulgated all over the town near which he resided, and the errors which he had fallen into were by no means diminished. All his old acquaintances now forsook him, and, as they passed him, either crossed the way, or turned their heads to avoid seeing him. This was too much for Eaton. He seemed a being abandoned by both God and man; and how was he to meet his wife and children, who were starving until his return.

At this moment, Stewart, who had been the

... ..



chief instigator of his vicious course, came up to him. The favourite topic of this man was the necessity of "loving one's neighbour as oneself," and one of his best illustrations of this principle was, the necessity of an universal distribution of property, which he considered would be the only means of restoring peace and unanimity throughout the world, and establishing the original intentions of nature. It may be useless to say that this philanthropic individual had not an acre or a shilling of his own.

"Stewart," said John, "you have enforced so powerfully and so frequently the doctrine of the necessity of living for our fellow-creatures, and not for ourselves, that I am glad of an opportunity of your putting your precept in practice. My wife and children are starving for bread at home, and I know not where to buy or beg them a morsel. Give me half the loaf you hold in your hands for my craving babes, and I will ever subscribe to your doctrine."



"Really, my good fellow, I am sorry to refuse," replied Stewart with his usual composure; "but the taxes are truly so dreadfully oppressive—the crown and its officers so corrupt—bread is so dear in consequence of the system of the corn laws, and my appetite is too good to feed every beggar's dirty brats."

This man had for a week previously been reveling at Eaton's expense. The feelings of the latter may be conceived. His brain seemed fired, and a cold clammy dew distilled from him, as he thought of the brute's ingratitude. Stewart sneered, and wished him a pleasant issue of his contemplations, and passed along. At last he met with ~~one~~ whom he had only the day before reviled as a canting hypocrite, from him he received a small donation, which procured a temporary relief to his family's distresses.

Feeling assured that his name and reputation were completely blasted at D——, he found that the only hope that was now left him was to remove his family to London, and there, by an utter re-



formation of his life, he hoped again to win the smiles of Providence.

Shortly after this determination was made, the remnant that was left of their furniture, produced sufficient for the purpose of conveying the mother, who still remained alarmingly ill, together with the two youngest children, in the waggon; the rest of the family had no other resource than to perform the journey on foot.

It was a heavy day for them all when they had to take leave of the cottage, so sweetly embowered in wood and dale. That home, the spot of their birth, and where they had spent so many happy years, and which they were now forced to abandon in search of one, which was yet speculative and chimerical.

These feelings went deeply into Eaton's heart, and his daughter saw it; but although her soul was sick, she endeavoured to comfort and console her afflicted and repentant parent. Before they had reached the end of their intended journey, the fatigues attending it, the dissipated life he had



previously led, the agitation of mind, the corroding remorse, all crowned by great bodily exertion, threw Eaton into a delirious fever.

He, however, recovered sufficiently to proceed the remainder of the journey, and at the next stage he was joined by his wife. It was impossible that, in his present state of health, he could use any exertion if he was fortunate enough to obtain employment, and as their means were nearly exhausted, starvation and death seemed to grin horribly in the face of the luckless family. As their slender stock of money could not support them more than one day, they had no chance of obtaining lodgings, but thought themselves fortunate in procuring shelter in an unfinished house in one of the suburbs of London.

As soon as a fire was kindled with a few shavings in the chimney place, the unfortunate beings laid down on the straw, which was strewn about, and spent with misery, fatigue, and want of nourishment, they fell into a deep sleep. They were awakened just as morning dawned by the



groan of Eaton, who barely found breath to ask for water. Every one attempted to move, but they were unable, they had lost all command over their limbs. The floor on which they had been lying was damp, and produced cramp, and the most violent spasms.

The sight was truly appalling. It was a foggy November morning, and the sun appeared rising through the thick atmosphere of the metropolis; red and sullenly, affording just sufficient light for them to witness each other's misery. Their father was gasping for breath, while the burning drops fell over his convulsed face.

"Water—for God's sake, bring me water—will no one stir? Nay, bad as I am, I do not deserve this from my own children."

"We can't move," screamed all simultaneously.

"It is a judgment of God, incurred by my wickedness," solemnly exclaimed Eaton.

At length, Eliza, by an agonizing effort, administered the wished for relief, and by chafing his limbs with one of her hands which was free from



pain, succeeded in restoring animation. Quickly after her father was partially recovered, youth and a healthy constitution soon restored her to the use of her own torpid joints. The next care of the affectionate girl was to bestow the same attention on the remainder of her relatives, who, to her joy, soon showed symptoms of improvement.

The two youngest children had awakened and asked for bread, which she had not to give them. There was, however, a small sum left, which was sufficient to purchase enough for two meals, and an embrocation for the nerveless frame of her mother and one of the children. The day passed over, and when the night arrived, the unhappy beings found themselves pennyless and nearly starving.

One small loaf was all that was kept for the meal of eight fasting people. It was, however, divided, and each received bitterly and silently his share. James, the eldest, declared he would not eat, and refused the portion offered him, but the wildness of his eyes, as they gazed on the morsel, assured his sister that his denial was only an excuse, that his



family might receive a trifling addition to their scanty allotments. Eliza, for the first time in all their misery, burst into tears; the grief that had been till then gathering burst, and her bosom was relieved by discharging the accumulated misery which had been choking there for want of a vent.

"Eat, James, that you may acquire strength, and work for our support."

He gave her one look: it was half of self-reproach and half of agony, and he swallowed the morsel.

The night came. Eliza, after she had obtained some additional straw, in order to prevent a repetition of the unfortunate occurrence of the previous evening, sat on some bricks, and spent the night in reflection how she was to act.

She had been all the day employed in endeavouring to obtain relief from the parish, but was only threatened to be sent as a vagrant and impostor to the house of correction. She then applied, ignorant as she was of the place, to a public dispensary for relief, and all that she received was directions



that those who required it should attend themselves. In vain she spoke of their inability; the former reply was repeated. With a heavy heart she now looked around her. Her parents, brothers, and sisters, were sick, helpless, and incapable of moving from the spot where they were, and craving for food. Their money was gone, and the greatest part of their wearing apparel had been parted with, in order to obtain relief for their father in his sickness on the road. The poor girl had also applied at various places for work, offering to submit to that of the most servile nature, and for the sake of the most trifling emoluments indeed, for the refuse of their table. But her ragged her squalid looks, and the wildness and impetuosity with which she made her request, first, as the humble suppliant, and then enforcing her claim as a fellow-creature, all caused her to be treated with suspicion and distrust. The reader here may very naturally inquire, is it possible that, in a place like London, where there are poor-houses, asylums, refuges, and public recep-



tacles for the destitute, a family could be dying for want of the bare necessaries of life?

It must, however, be borne in mind, that an inexperienced girl of sixteen, who was both ignorant of the place and of its institutions, was all upon which they had to depend; and she, poor creature, dearly as she loved them, knew not how to gain them the slightest relief.

On the following morning, while all yet were asleep, she arose and went out, unknowing whether, determined again to encounter every blast of insult and ignominy, in endeavouring to get employment, through which she would be the means of affording support to her wo-begone relatives.

With this resolution she entered a haberdasher's shop, and ere she had looked her auditor in the face, told the tale of her misery.

"Well done, my good girl," was the answer from a young man behind the counter, "how long has that story cost you in coming?"

"O believe me—come with me, and see that it is true—my father is dying with a fever, and my



mother, brothers, and sisters for want of food. I ask not for money, give me but the sweepings of your table, and I will return and be your slave."

A few broken victuals were put into her hands by a female servant, who stood listening incredulously at the door, and the delighted girl fled to her famished relatives. They had all awaked, and when they had beheld her, uttered a cry of savage joy, for, in the frenzy of the moment, they had imagined she had forsaken them. When their scanty meal was concluded, she went back and made an offer of her services, which, as if to put her to a trial, was accepted, and a laborious task given her to perform.

The accomplishment of this undertaking, though infinitely beyond her capacity, even had she been in health, in her then exhausted state appeared an impossibility. However, the surprising energy of her mind bore her up, and with great exertion she managed to complete it. As her emaciated figure sunk every minute with her labour, and the huge clammy drops rolled down her hollow cheeks--while



her young bosom rended with each gasp for breath, her employers stood looking at her, laughing, and thought it excellent amusement, in taking her so readily at her word.

Oh! the world! Oh! the world! is this the same one which the poets and novelists represent as a garden of flowers!

When the evening approached, the man she had first applied to, ordered more victuals to be given to her, and promised her, as he saw from the work she had done that it would not be thrown away, that she should not only receive the same quantity of food, but a trifle of money in addition. What earthen-hearted creatures they must have been, in believing that the delight she manifested, which filled her eyes with warm and grateful tears, was nothing more than an imposture!

This angel of a girl returned once more to her parents, her heart bounding with transport, and her face flushed with hope and animation.

"See," she exclaimed, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, "I have brought you a supper."



"Ah," gasped the mother, "but it is horribly  
 some way?" and in a moment her eyes were  
 as "Look at these blistered hands!" and she turned  
 her head on one side. All the misery, all the toil,  
 want and privation she had felt and experienced,  
 were nothing in comparison to the blow her own  
 parent had in her distraction inflicted. "Oh, my  
 child," Eliza, my best beloved, I have wronged you,  
 cruelly wronged you; but forgive your poor  
 wretched mother, she knows not what she says,"  
 and the scalding tears fell on the girl's hands, and  
 confirmed her as she spoke. A kiss and an em-  
 brace followed, and Eliza gave the children a  
 better meal than they had for a long while received.  
 When the morning arrived, Eliza was at her  
 employer's, and went through the task the brute  
 had assigned her, without a groan or a murmur.  
 As she put out her hand when he offered her the  
 reward he had promised, it was given to her, with  
 a direction to listen:—"Remember!" said her employer, "this is the  
 last you will receive here, without"—here he drew



nearer and whispered. The unfortunate girl turned her face away, which was of burning crimson, with loathing and indignation. She could not speak, her nerves seemed tightened, and her breathing was short and broken. She reached her home—she once more embraced her mother—and as she placed into her hands the produce of her labour, she burst into a violent flood of tears—“Take it, and divide it, for it is the last.”

The whole of the succeeding day was spent by Eliza, in making fresh applications for employment; the last provision she knew, before her return, would be consumed by her family, and where was she to get another? She met with nothing but cool refusals, often accompanied with abuse. As she was returning broken-hearted to the habitation of misery, she was accosted by a gentleman elegantly dressed.

He seemed desirous of entering into conversation with her, for with all the poverty and meanness of her exterior, the cleanliness of her appearance was still apparent, and the beauty of her person was yet



strikingly visible. Wound up to a degree of desperation, she listened to proposals that sickened her heart while they were made. Nothing had passed her lips that day, and the air had made her sick and giddy, her head turned round, and she fainted from utter exhaustion. When she came to herself she found the upper part of her dress opened for the reception of the air, and the stranger with a crowd of others around her.

As soon as she opened her eyes she heard a shout, “a catch”—“all a feint”—and she soon found herself alone with the stranger who had been previously conversing with her. She then summoned up strength to tell him of the situation of her family, and begged of him as a man, and a christian, to afford them some relief.

Unfortunately, the individual she addressed was one of those who are designated as “men of the world”—beings, the finer feelings of whose souls have been blunted by dissipation, and who, from mingling among the haunts of vice, have become accustomed to, and therefore always suspicious of



scenes of imposture and deceit. He told her if she would meet him again in the evening, and consider of what he had been telling her, she might restore her family to health and to happiness. He then left her, and Eliza hurried to her miserable home.

A scene of suffering here presented itself of the most harrowing description. The second boy, always a delicate child, had died during her absence from disease and want of nourishment. Extreme as the misery was, the pangs of hunger had become so annoying and excessive, that the whole family appeared rather to envy than to pity the corpse of him whose sufferings were now no more.

Her mother looked at her with an expression that probed the poor girl's heart—"Have you brought us any food?" There was no need of a reply—her looks conveyed it.

The hour was drawing nigh when the stranger had appointed to meet her—she remained trembling as it were on the pivot of her virtue. Did she go, destruction to the most cherished feelings of her



bosom would be the consequence ; did she remain, starvation and death to her family. Dreadful alternative ! Her father, partly from the effects of fever, and the want of sustenance, had become delirious, and was calling on her by name—" Eliza, why don't you give us food—have you abandoned us all ?" The dear little ones were clinging about her knees, asking why she had not brought them bread ; and as she bade one not to moan, the lisping sufferer smiled piteously in her face, and answered—" Mother says, brother is gone to Heaven, and I feel as if I could go there too—look how quietly he sleeps."

This was too much for Eliza, she shuddered, and wept. Her father's fever had now arrived at its height, and he ravingly shouted—" Bread, thou parricide."

She shuddered again, but made no reply, but fixed her eyes stedfastly on his features, and thought she saw the red glare of insanity gleaming from his eye.

The girl stood for a few moments, and a cold dew distilled from her limbs. Was the sin she was tempted



to half so heinous as being the instrument of the death of some of her relatives, by a cause which she could remedy. While she paused, she heard the clock of a neighbouring church strike, and it tolled like a knell on her heart; it was the hour the stranger had appointed to meet her—she hesitated no longer, but without looking round, she cried—"I will return and bring you food, as God will be my judge," and darted from the room.

The tempter was at his post, and, as he drew her arm within his, placed a purse in her hands, and whispered. She recoiled at his words as at the hissing of a serpent, but instantly recovering herself, and turning her head aside, as she grasped the purse convulsively, faintly uttered—"I do."

"Then come with me," as he led along his victim.

Suddenly she pressed her hand to her forehead, as if with a thought which had flashed across her mind, and said, in a low tone—"No, you must go with me." She took him through several streets, until at last she entered a house, beckoning him to follow, which he assented to.



At last they came to a door.

"Where, my sweet girl, have you led me?"

"Look!" said she, as she threw it open, "and judge for yourself."

He bent his head forward, but instantly recoiled at the sight of misery which presented itself. The mother and girls looked departing, while the father was writhing in desperate agony.

"Now, Sir," said Eliza, "I am in your power."

The stranger grasped her hand, and replied—  
"You are an angel, and I am—a monster. Yet still, bad as I am, I cannot injure thee."

She heard no more, but rushed out of the house to procure sustenance. She quickly returned, and, with the grace of an angel, administered to the wants of her famished relatives. The stranger's emotions were too strong to offer assistance, but he recovered immediately after he left the house.

It was not long before he returned, bringing with him a train of servants in livery, bearing articles of furniture and refreshments, and accompanied by a physician and surgeon.



By dint of unwearied application and tenderness, the whole family were restored. Their case and their unparalleled hardships were now made known ; a subscription was set on foot through the medium of their preserver, who was an individual of extensive influence, and a handsome sum soon produced.

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